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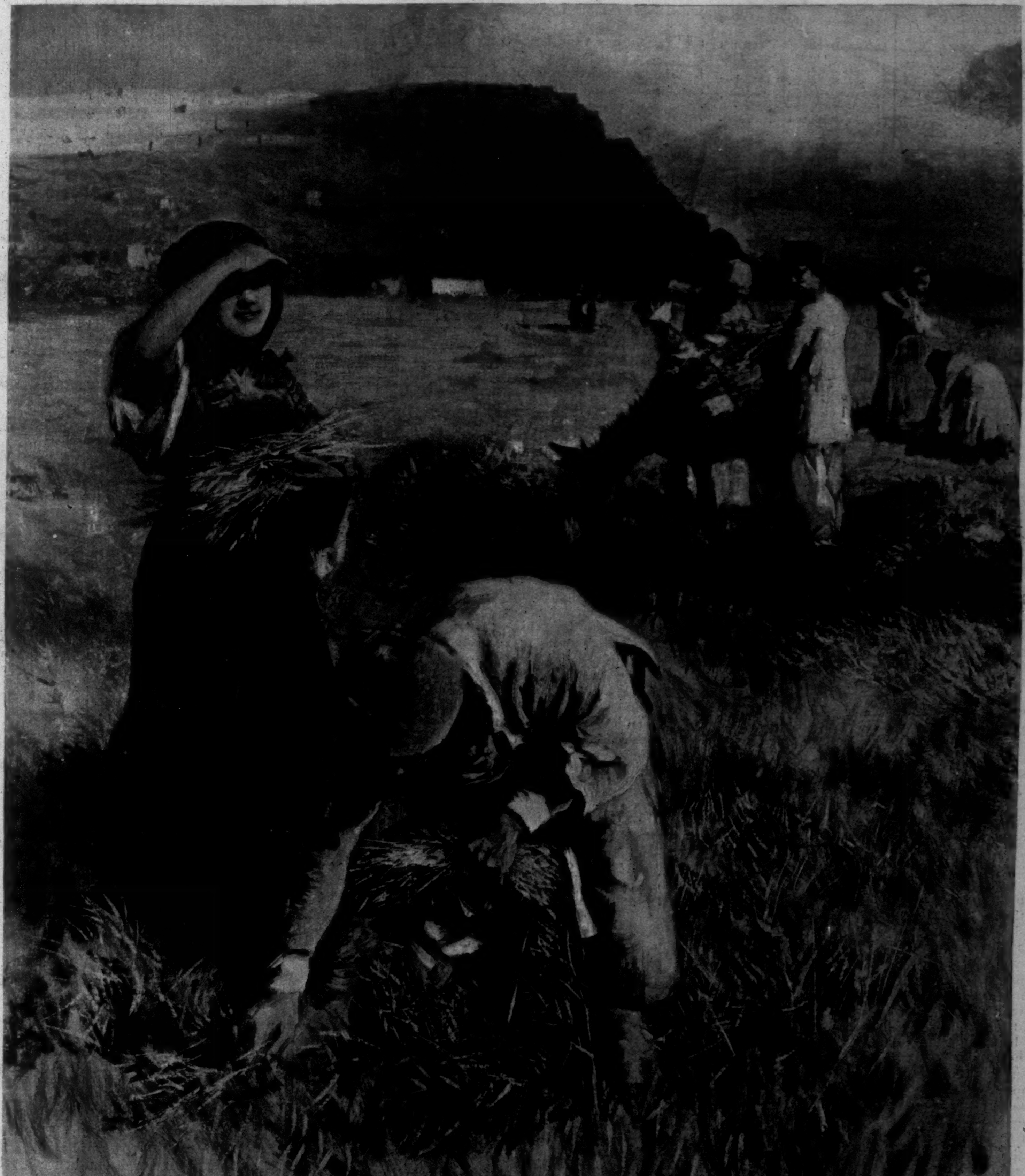

ARMENIAN PASTORAL—"GLEANERS" NEAR THE VILLAGE AND FORTRESS OF HASAN KALEH, BEYOND ERZERUM.
DRAWN BY EDWIN LORD WEEKS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

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CONTENTS, NO. 2053.

ARMENIAN PASTORAL—"Gleaners" near the Village and Fortress of Hasan Kaleh, beyond Erzerum. Edwin Lord Weeks.
EDITORIALS.
THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA. The Attack on Santa Clara and the Death of Leoncio Vidal. Illustrated. T. R. Dawley, Jun.
ENGLAND AND THE SUDAN. Ill'd. Rev. A. F. Schauffler, D.D.
LIFE AND LETTERS. W. D. Howells.
THE DEFENCE OF THE "GENERAL Armstrong." Illustrated. James Barnes.
A COMPARISON OF TURKISH Laws with Actual Conditions. Part IV. Timothy Pitkins.
CARDINAL SATOLLI. Illustrated. Rev. Edward A. Pace, D.D.
OUR SWEDISH FELLOW-CITIZENS. Julian Ralph.
ST. DEINIOL'S LIBRARY. With Double-page Illustration.
GENERAL CASEY AND THE CONgressional Library. W. K. C.
THE WORM WHICH TURNED. J. T. Wheelwright.
THE GRAY MAN. Seventeenth Instalment. Serial Story. Illustrated. S. R. Crockett.
ALBERT BARTHOLOMÉ AND HIS Monument to the Dead. Ill'd. Isabel McDougall.
AMATEUR SPORT. The Need of a New National Athletic Body, etc. Ill'd. Caspar Whitney.
THIS BUSY WORLD. E. S. Martin and Others.

INTERNATIONAL ARBITRATION.

THE national conference assembled in the city of Washington to promote the establishment of a permanent system of arbitration between the United States and Great Britain is the offspring of various independent movements which have recently appeared in different parts of the country. In each instance those movements were headed by men of the highest respectability and standing in their respective communities, and the same may be said of the character of those who either personally attend the conference or have in writing expressed their sympathy and concurrence in its purposes. It would be difficult to find a more faithful representation of the best thought and the truest patriotism of the country. We have of late heard so much wild talk about differences with foreign nations that would justify a resort to arms, and about the desirableness of a foreign war to divert internal discontents, or to revive business, or to reinvigorate American manhood, and even the Congress of the United States has been the theatre of ebullitions of quarrelsomeness so absurd and so reckless of consequences, that a public and authoritative expression of American good sense and American love of justice and peace—in one word, of American civilization—had become not only advisable but necessary. This is the office which the Washington conference performs. It will do much to clear the name of this republic of the shame which the insane ravings of an unscrupulous demagogy have brought upon it.

It would seem almost superfluous among people who pretend to be civilized and who boast of their Christianity to discuss the question whether the systematic submission of international differences to peaceable arbitration is desirable. It is desirable, if civilization itself is desirable, for it will be admitted by every sane mind that the removal of the arbitrament of brute force from the relations not only between man and man, but between organizations of men, be they business corporations or states, and the substitution therefor of peaceable methods based upon law and justice, are among the most fundamental requirements of civilization. Without that substitution in the relation between man and man, or between organizations of men inside of the state, as the plainest understanding will perceive, law, justice, and public order could not exist. Anarchy and barbarism would be the result. Without that substitution between nations anarchy and barbarism sometimes *are* the result—for war is international anarchy and barbarism, however civilized nowadays its appliances may appear to be. Any international arrangement, therefore, that makes the peaceable composition of international differences more easy, more regular, more habitual, and that in this way reduces the probability of war, is a distinct advance of true civilization. And inasmuch as the introduction of a *system* of international arbitration between the nations of the earth would unquestionably render the composition of international disputes more easy, regular, and habitual, and war less probable, it may justly be said that the cause of international arbitration and the cause of civilization are one and the same.

This is by no means a new-fangled idea put forth by mere theorists. International arbitration has since the Napoleonic wars at the beginning of this century been applied so many times, and with results so invariably excellent, that it may be said to have passed beyond the stage of mere experiment. There have been in the last seventy-five years eighty successful arbitrations of international disputes of the most various kinds, from small and unimportant quarrels about boundaries to controversies so vast and tangled as the famous *Alabama* case, and in every instance not only was war avoided, but the question so decided has remained so decided without further contention. The only apparent break in this long line of triumphs of arbitration has been a temporary check in the settlement of the seal controversy; but this can hardly be called a failure, since the matter is still under consideration for final adjustment. There have been great wars in the mean time, most wasteful in blood and treasure, some of the results of which were not only not settled beyond further question, but have brought forth bitter resentments and yearnings for more war.

The settlement of international difficulties by arbitration has thus become so frequent and so strikingly beneficent of effect that nothing could be more natural than the desire of wise and patriotic men to establish it as a fixed rule to govern all cases to which it can possibly be applied. It was this sentiment which in 1887 prompted 233 members of the British House of Commons to address a memorial to the President and the Congress of the United States, expressing the wish that all future differences between the two countries be settled by arbitration, and which in 1890 moved Congress to request the President by a unanimous vote to open to this end negotiations with all countries with which we have diplomatic intercourse. It was this sentiment which again, after the looming up of the Venezuela trouble, called forth demonstrations in favor of the same object all over England, and which now has brought together this impressive conference of patriotic Americans in Washington.

It is said that questions may arise between nations which cannot be settled by arbitration, and this is especially affirmed with regard to questions of honor. How far this is true will depend mainly upon the state of civilization in which the nations concerned find themselves. The less civilized a nation is, the less will it be inclined to submit its notions of right, of dignity, and of honor to the judgment of an impartial tribunal. It is very doubtful whether a controversy involving such points of right and of honor as did the *Alabama* case between the United States and Great Britain could have been settled without a resort to arms a century ago. But in our times, and after this illustrious precedent has been set, it is difficult to imagine a difference between Great Britain and the United States which would not be capable of settlement by arbitration. The same influences of enlightened morality which, among Anglo-Saxons, have gradually overcome the mediæval notion that in private life the duel is necessary for the protection of personal honor, will do away with the equally mediæval notion that the dignity of a nation is most effectually vindicated by war. It is therefore hardly profitable to exert our ingenuity in search of international questions to which arbitration may not be applicable; for, when arbitration has once become so generally accepted a practice that men's minds instinctively turn to it whenever a cloud of trouble between different nations arises, it will be found that many kinds of dispute which formerly appeared, in theory, out of its reach, will practically admit it without serious difficulty.

To the people of the United States the establishment of arbitration as a fixed system, especially between this republic and Great Britain, will have a peculiar value. We have no doubt that a large majority of our population are averse to war and wish to preserve a friendly intercourse with the world abroad, England included. But we know also that there is a set of reckless, unscrupulous, and very active demagogues who wish, for various reasons, to precipitate this country into a war with some foreign power, preferably with England. They will not succeed in this, no matter how tempting the occasion, as long as people have time to think. There might be danger, however, in some sudden and violent excitement. If, then, an arbitration treaty stands in the way of hasty action, calm reason will have its opportunity, and the chance of the turbulent demagogue will be gone. Every patriotic American therefore must wish success to the cause so nobly championed by the Washington conference.

THE SOCIALISTIC SUGAR BOUNTY.

THE question of the constitutionality of the sugar bounty is now before the Supreme Court at Washington. It is not there on appeal from the Court of Claims, and therefore Comptroller BOWLER'S opinion is not directly under review. We were quite sure, when interested and ignorant parties were demanding the Comptroller's removal on the ground that he had exceeded his authority in this matter, that the astute lawyers who were conducting the case for the sugar-planters would not rest their cause in the courts on that question. Mr. BOWLER has now the satisfaction of knowing that the bounty which he refused to pay is attacked by the government on the constitutional grounds on which he relied, and which were based on the opinion of Judge SHEPARD, of the Court of Appeals of the District of Columbia. Two cases were originally brought in the Circuit Court of the United States in the Eastern District of Louisiana, one by ANDREW H. GAY, and the other by the Realty Company. The question involved in each was the constitutionality of the bounty legislation of 1890 and 1895, that of the latter year being embodied in an appropriation for those who would have been entitled to a bounty but for the repeal of the MCKINLEY act.

The Supreme Court has not been called upon, in recent years at least, to decide a case involving so much that is of vital interest to the people of the Union. The question raised is vastly more important than that of the power of Congress to levy a tax on the incomes of individuals, and the results of the court's answer to it will be of greater moment to civilization than was the decision in the income-tax cases. The government's brief, which has been prepared by Solicitor-General CONRAD and Assistant Attorneys-General WHITNEY and DODGE, is a paper of great force and thoroughness, and one reading it will be convinced that vital consequences hang upon the court's decision.

By the act of 1890, Congress made a gift of money to sugar-planters. This was the MCKINLEY act. It was not pretended that the gift was for national purposes. It did not rest on the power that is given to Congress by the Constitution to provide for the general defence, nor on its power over foreign or inter-State commerce. It was contended in this controversy that the power of Congress to appropriate money is as broad as the inclination of those who exercise it; that the law-making power may grant the public funds to charities, and may therefore give them to private citizens in aid of business enterprises in whose successful and profitable conduct the nation, as a nation, is in no way interested. It will be seen at once that if this contention is sustained by the courts the limitations of the Constitution are swept away, and that by merely appropriating money to carry them out, Congress may exercise all the powers that the States were supposed to have reserved to themselves.

The constitutionality of protective tariff laws is not attacked by the government in this case, but the direct grant of bounties in the MCKINLEY act is undoubtedly the logical outcome of the protective system, carried to the excess for which MCKINLEY himself must be held responsible, although he was in reality only the tool of others. MCKINLEY himself did not realize that the boundary had been passed when he undertook to give away the public money to private citizens to compensate them for the losses they would probably suffer on account of the repeal of the duty on imported sugars. He did not see that he had stepped outside of the jurisdiction of Congress, and had entered the broad domain where, under our form of government, only the individual citizen has power. He did not understand that he was taking the people's money and applying it to a private purpose. Probably MCKINLEY did not see that if the sugar-growers were entitled to compensation from the public purse for the loss of the indirect benefit that had been theirs from the duty on sugar, any beneficiary of the tariff law might demand the direct charity of the government on the repeal or lowering of the tariff bounty on his products—in other words, on the withdrawal, in whole or in part, of its indirect charity.

The court is called upon to decide whether this particular phase of McKinleyism is or is not constitutional; whether or not Congress may grant the public moneys in aid of private citizens and private business enterprises. This statement of the proposition opens to the view the vast extent of socialistic legislation which may follow from the departure made in the MCKINLEY act if the court holds that the sugar bounty is constitutional. The issue is momentous. The tendency toward socialism and communism is strong, and its influence is felt by every government in Europe where the people have a real influence on legislation, even more than it is felt in the United States. This is because of the limitations that are imposed by the Constitution upon Congress. If those limitations are to be set aside, and the Supreme Court is to affirm the contention that Congress may make appropriations for any object whatever, even to giving the public moneys in aid of private enterprises, there is nothing but Congress to stand between the country and any sudden socialistic frenzy that may seize upon the people. This is not a pleasant outlook, especially when we consider the schemes of individual and class aggrandizement that have been presented to the national law-making body. The government's brief mentions some of these schemes, making use for that purpose of an enumeration of them in a speech delivered by Congressman **Pigott**, of Connecticut, in 1894. Among the plans to distribute the public moneys for other than public purposes are these: The loaning of the funds to States, to be reloaned to counties, municipalities, and needy individuals for the improvement of property; the loaning of the funds directly to cities or individuals; the establishment of a sub-Treasury in each county to advance money on agricultural products; the giving away of money to individuals at the rate of one dollar for each ten inhabitants; the irrigation of private lands; the devising of means for the employment of the idle upon public works to be inaugurated for the purpose.

This is an inconsiderable list of the demands that will be made on the government if the court holds that the sugar bounty is constitutional; that the **McKinley** law was not only the logical outcome of the protective system, but in this important respect was within the jurisdiction of the legislative branch of the government; that Congress, in a word, possesses the power to spend the public moneys for private purposes, in charity, for the pecuniary profit of individuals, for any object that may be conjured up by the most frenzied socialistic agitator. It is for this reason that we say that the Supreme Court has rarely if ever been called upon to decide a case involving so much that is of vital importance to the people of the Union, and that is so menacing to the civilization of the world.

A CONSPIRACY AGAINST CIVIL SERVICE REFORM.

Civil service reform in the Post-office Department is seriously attacked by the politicians in Congress and by the postal employés in combination. The politicians are trying to prevent the consolidation of post-offices by cutting off supplies, and the employés are banding together to prevent the department from doing anything displeasing to them. A short time since there appeared in the **Weekly** an article by Mr. **Julian Ralph** showing how some of the railroad postal clerks have taken advantage of their fixed tenure of office to lobby in Congress for the defeat of disciplinary measures adopted by their superiors.

In the Congress before the present one these railway postal clerks obtained the passage of a law that nullified an order made by Postmaster-General **Bissell**. The order directed them to live on the lines that they served. Such an order was clearly in the interest of the service, and the law nullifying it was clearly an outrageous assault upon a Postmaster-General who was trying to do his duty, and especially to extend and strengthen the merit system.

In the present Congress the banded letter-carriers have successfully lobbied in Congress, and, with the aid of the meanest intellects and most contemptible characters in the House, defeated a proposition in the Post-office Appropriation bill for the appointment of thirty additional inspectors, who were to be assigned to the inspection and supervision of the carrier service. There are now about 13,000 carriers who are practically without supervision or official control as to the manner in which individual carriers perform their work. In other words, the politicians in Congress have entered into a conspiracy with the carriers for the purpose of enabling the latter to do their work as they please, without regard to the wishes or commands of their official superiors, or to the discipline and efficiency of a service which now costs as much as the whole postal service cost in 1863.

It is clear from these examples that an attempt is being seriously made, by the combination that has been entered into between the politicians and the three organizations of the Post-office Department, to cripple the merit system. In those organizations there are about 30,000 employés, and unless public attention is called to the combination, and public opinion is aroused against it, a great deal of trouble lies in store for some future Postmaster-General; while if the evil is permitted to expand, the new system of corruption is likely to be worse than the old spoils system.

THE RIVER AND HARBOR BILL.

The River and Harbor bill which was passed by the House of Representatives the other day under a suspension of the rules is as usual a log-rolling scheme. Incidentally rivers and harbors may be improved by the expenditure of the millions of dollars that were appropriated by it, but it was made, as it is always made, for the purpose of dividing up the money among a number of districts in order to improve the political prospects of Congressmen who are members of the Committee on Rivers and Harbors, or who, for one reason or another, are favorites of the committee. The bill appropriates directly a sum of $10,000,000, and provides for the making of contracts that will eventually entail upon the government an expense of $51,000,000. This bill was passed with scarcely any debate, although Mr. **Dockery**, Mr. **Hepburn**, and Mr. **McLachlan** did point out some of its monstrosities, and protested against the unseemly haste of its friends. The opponents of this log-rolling, however, seem to have become discouraged, and we read no more of the vigorous denunciations which used to be poured out upon the bill, especially in the Senate, from seventeen to twenty years ago, when men of character were elected to that body. The passage of this legislation by a practically unanimous vote through both the House of Representatives and the Senate is so nearly a foregone conclusion that opposition to it is of a perfunctory character. This year the bill was passed without an aye and no vote.

There is no better evidence of the indifference of Congress to the general interests than is afforded by this manner of disposing of millions of the people's money. If it were really the intention of these law-makers to expend the public moneys for the improvement of our navigable ways in the most effective and economical manner which they could devise, the bill would still be a wretched travesty of sound legislative methods. Congress is incapable of wisely expending $10,000,000 or any other sum for such a purpose. It is incapable of arriving at a just conclusion as to the kind and extent of to work that ought be done on the various rivers and harbors of the country. That question can be satisfactorily answered only by the engineers who are familiar with the subject. It is a scientific question. Nor can Congress accurately determine the relative importance of the various streams. That question can only be answered by the statistics of our navigation interests.

There is no doubt that rivers and harbors ought to be improved, and ought to be kept navigable and safe, but any one who reads a river and harbor act will see at once that Congress does not intelligently perform the task. The truth is that Congress ought to appropriate a lump sum to be expended in the discretion of the department having jurisdiction over the subject. Perhaps some future Congress may deal honestly with the country in respect of these improvements. At present the bill is not for the improvement of rivers and harbors. The assertion of its title is untrue. It is a bill for personal and political aggrandizement. It seems appropriate, under the circumstances, that after the vote had been declared, the members of the House greeted with good-natured laughter Mr. **Hepburn**'s remark that the large vote in favor of the bill (216 to 40) "shows the general evenness with which the 'pork' has been distributed."

CLERICAL ETHICS.

A somewhat painful incident of the observance of Easter day in New York has already furnished a fruitful theme for the moralists of the daily press. It is perhaps unfortunate that the laity should have any excuse for even discussing the professional ethics of the clergy, from which the laity is supposed to take its ethics. Such a discussion, as has been observed in a clever recent novel, upon an occasion somewhat similar, "would lead to the ultimate conclusion that a professional theologian might be damned, which is, as Euclid says, absurd."

What happened, as some of our readers may not know, was that the rector of a fashionable church preached a sermon on Easter day which was found by those who heard it, and by those who read the report of it, highly edifying, until it met the eye of a suburban clergyman of wide professional reading. He at once detected what seemed to him an undue similarity between this sermon and a sermon which formed one of a collection published in 1878 by a preacher who has since died. The good suburban man at once proceeded to transcribe parts of the sermon published in a book and of the sermon published in the newspaper. The similarity amounted almost to identity, and the only acknowledgment that the sermon was not its latest preacher's own composition was in the ascription to "a quaint old writer" of the single sentiment that "it is necessary for us to move quickly in order to keep step with the music of the universe in which we are placed." It will be agreed that a clergyman who was preaching and publishing sermons less than twenty years ago is not unmistakably identified by being referred to as a quaint old writer. What is more curious is that it seems to have escaped the notice of everybody concerned that the one phrase for which the later preacher owned his obligations to the earlier was not original with the "quaint old writer" of 1878, but with a still older writer. For it was in the remote antiquity of 1855 that **Rufus Choate**, in a letter then famous, recorded his refusal to join with any party that did not "keep step to the music of the Union." This was evidently the origin of the phrase, as may still be read in that rare and curious work, **Bartlett**'s "Dictionary of Familiar Quotations," and it was as much the property of the New York preacher as of the quaint old writer from whom he immediately derived it.

The coincidences of thought and expression in the two sermons were quite too numerous and too striking to be accounted for upon any other theory than that the later preacher had made use of the work of the earlier without at the same time making it clear that it was not his own. It is gratifying to be able to say that he did not make any of the ridiculous pretences of unconscious recollection which have been put forward by some pulpit plagiarists, but frankly owned that he had been too busy to prepare a suitable Easter sermon, and that having read the sermon in question and finding it available, he had in effect dictated it to his secretary. It is also gratifying to say that many sermons, of which the originality has not been questioned, had already shown that it was not from intellectual destitution that he had betaken himself to the productions of other preachers.

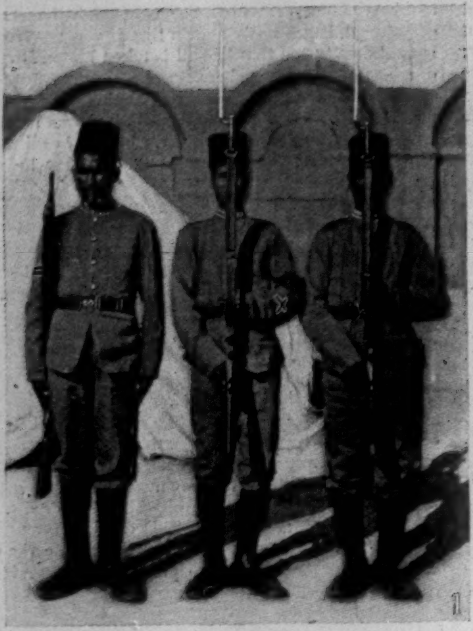
All the same, it seems to be clear that the preacher did not take pains enough to explain that it was not his own composition that he was reading, and that he allowed both the hearers and the readers to believe that he was the writer. One cannot therefore deny to the suburban critic such stern joy as may be got out of the "unmasking" process. But the incident has naturally suggested to some of the commentators how desirable it is that some of the preachers from whom the gift of preaching has been withheld, but who may be excellent and useful pastors for all that, should take to openly preaching the sermons of quaint old writers, rather than those which distressing internal evidence attests as their own. In the case of a pastor like that one who has given occasion for these remarks, who has shown his capacity to write good sermons, not even his literary vanity would be compromised by the occasional and avowed use of a sermon written by somebody else. Such a preacher might say of himself, as **Johnson** said of **Dryden**, that his known wealth was so great that he could borrow without impeaching his credit. Some pastors who could not make this defence for preferring other sermons to their own, might yet make the equally valid defence that they were promoting insomnia among their congregations.

THE AMERICAN IDEA.

Genial doctrine was advanced by the English historian **Freeman** when he invited attention to the fact that so-called "new departures" in the theory and practice of government were not absolutely new, not mere experiments leading along untried ways. He seemed to have no difficulty in discovering similar experiments even in the primitive Teutonic and Anglo-Saxon customs; and all this was more convincingly, though less attractively, shown by the profound scholarship of another English authority on constitutional history, **William Stubbs**; and then by his close follower, **Taswell-Langmead**. Stimulating as this discovery was to English readers, to students of American institutions it was fairly inspiring. It lent warrant and sanction to the personal freedom that was the ideal of the framers of our Constitution, and declared that some of our most characteristic American ideas were not untried and perilously new things, after all, but were, on the contrary, ideas that had been approved by the ancestors of the English people, and of the German people as well, at the dawn of history. But now it appears that **Stubbs** and **Freeman** and **Taswell-Langmead** and the rest have labored in vain.

Mr. **Stoddard Dewey**, contributing to the April number of the *Westminster Review* an article entitled "The American Idea," endeavors to explain the disposition he has observed on the part of the United States to intervene in the bloody contest between Spain and Cuba, and in the wordy conflict between England and Venezuela. He will not rest content with the theory that "the particular wilfulness of some leader or party in politics" sufficiently accounts for these phenomena. That theory may satisfy the other able critics in the United Kingdom, but as for Mr. **Dewey**, he will have underlying causes or nothing; he has set himself no easier task than that of finding out, as he himself says, "what is in the back part of American heads." It is, moreover, apparent that other portions of the typical or average American person have not been slighted by Mr. **Dewey**'s anxious scrutiny, for in another paragraph we come upon an acknowledgment of "the American vitality resulting from a nutrition in which flesh-meat counts for three times as much as it does in France, and nearly twice as much as in England." The subject of this study, the generalized American, is therefore an exceptionally carnivorous animal with an unexplored cerebellum; and, after the truth and beauty of this estimate have made their due impression, we are both surprised and relieved to learn that such a creature *has* an idea of any sort, either in the back part or in the front part of his American head. He has, though; Mr. **Dewey**, expressing his views in the pages of this reputable exponent of British thought, at a time when he owes to the *Review's* readers the unvarnished truth about Americans—Mr. **Dewey** tells us so. There actually is an American idea. The title of the article has not raised idle hopes. The citizens of the United States, this writer concludes, invariably look on the political action of European nations with a jealous eye to the American system of commonwealths. The expression "effete monarchies of Europe" may be taken to be the very shibboleth of American nationality; and this is "the essential idea, in whose light the American mind exists, and through which it contemplates all things foreign. It may be called an exaggerated federalism. School districts, townships, counties, States, retain a distinct individual and independent life of their own, which acknowledges neither cognizance nor control on the part of any more general or central government. Even in free England the average American sees altogether too much exercise of central authority, too much restriction of the individual and the neighborhood, too much class regulation. *It may be because he knows no better.* . . . To him independence is an American word."

It would be a grievous error to take such an article (in spite of its solemn intention) too seriously. Fortunately that mistake is impossible.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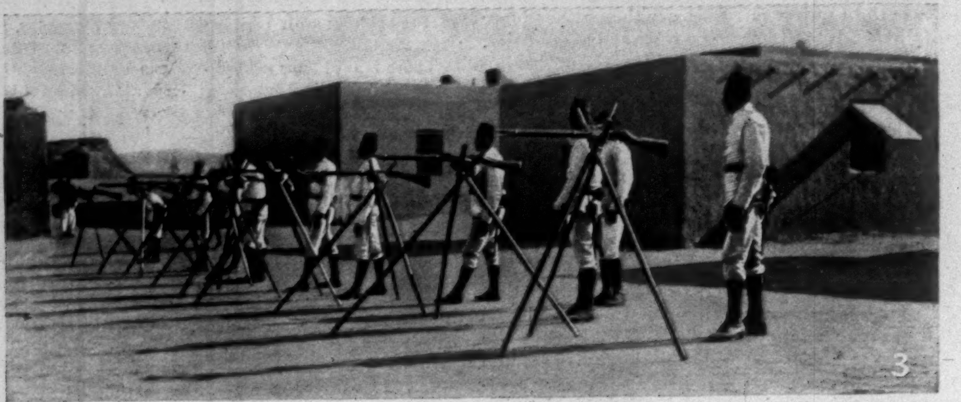
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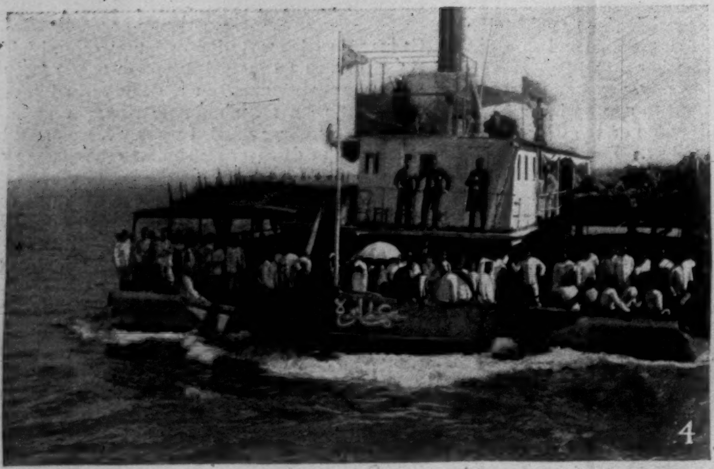
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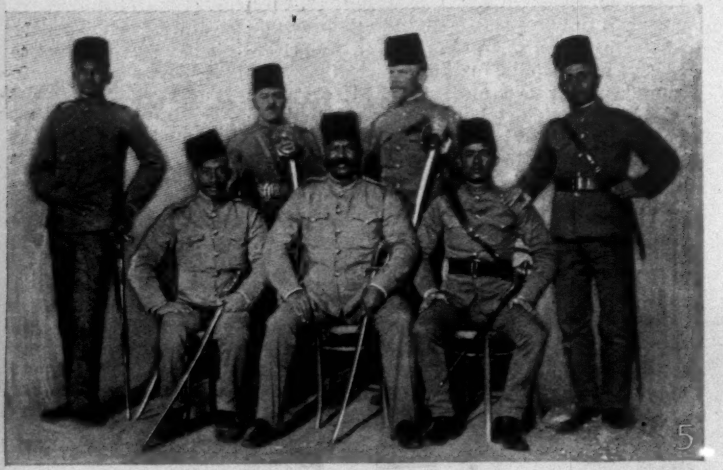
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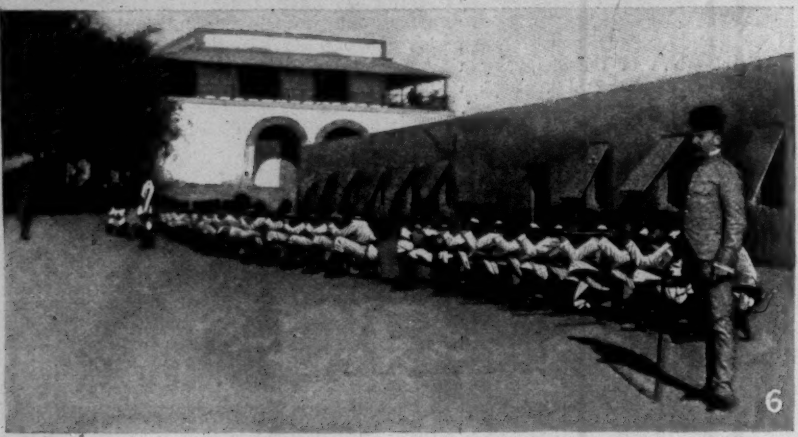
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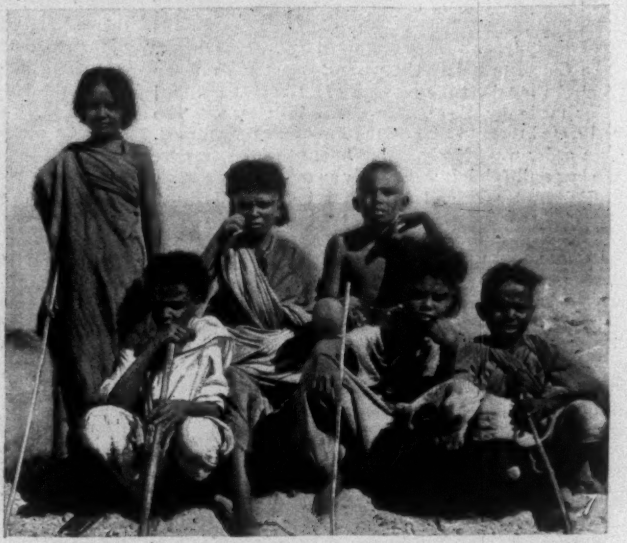
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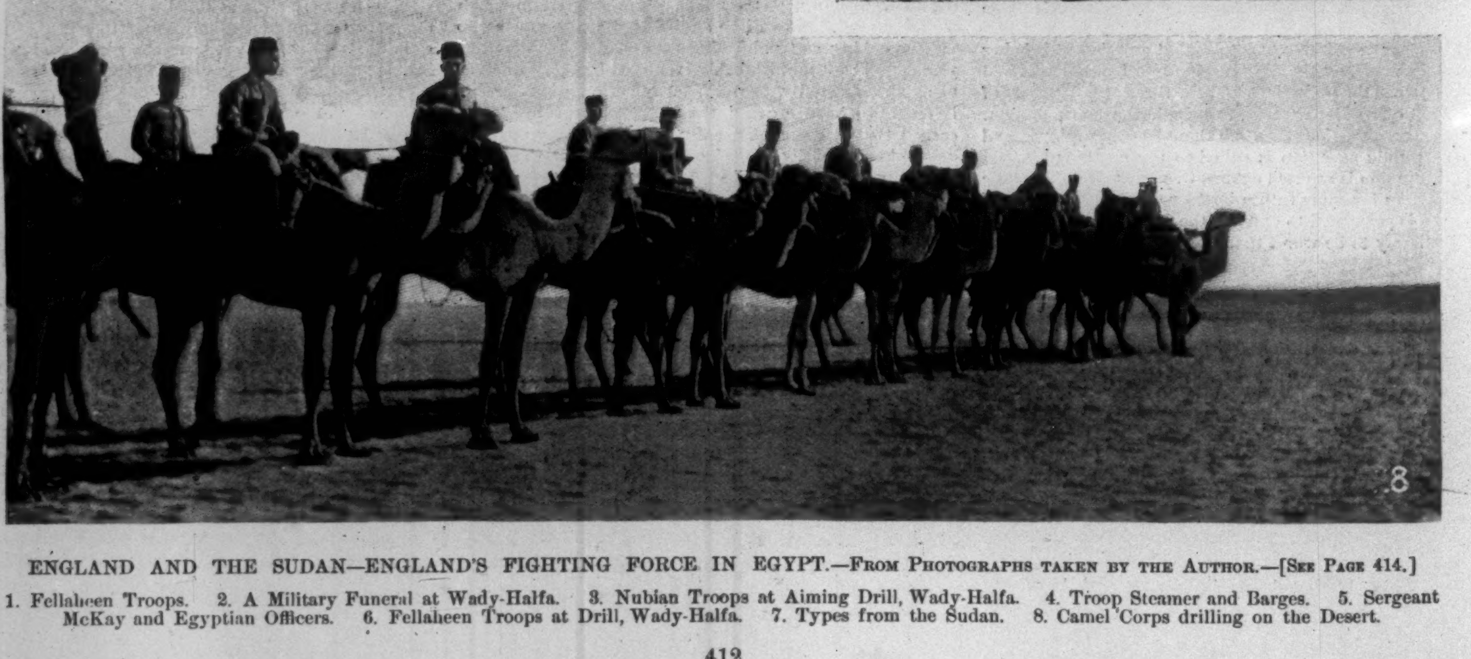
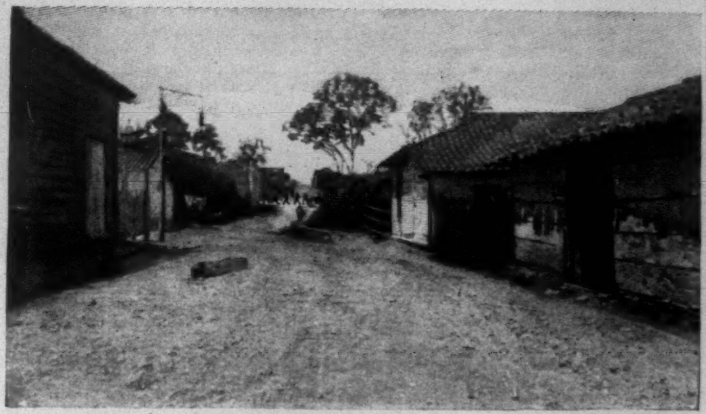
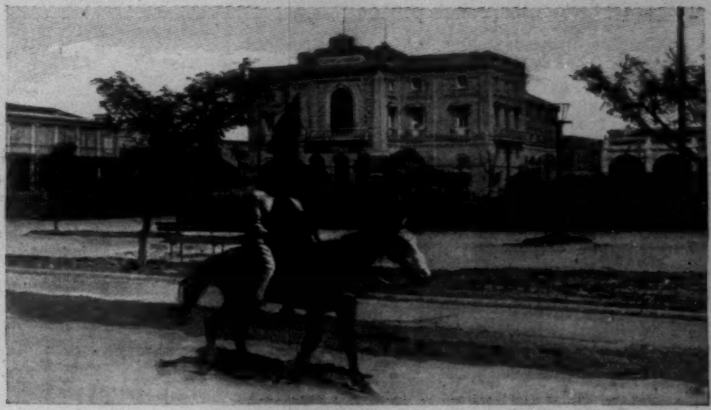

8

ENGLAND AND THE SUDAN—ENGLAND'S FIGHTING FORCE IN EGYPT.—From Photographs taken by the Author.—[See Page 414.]

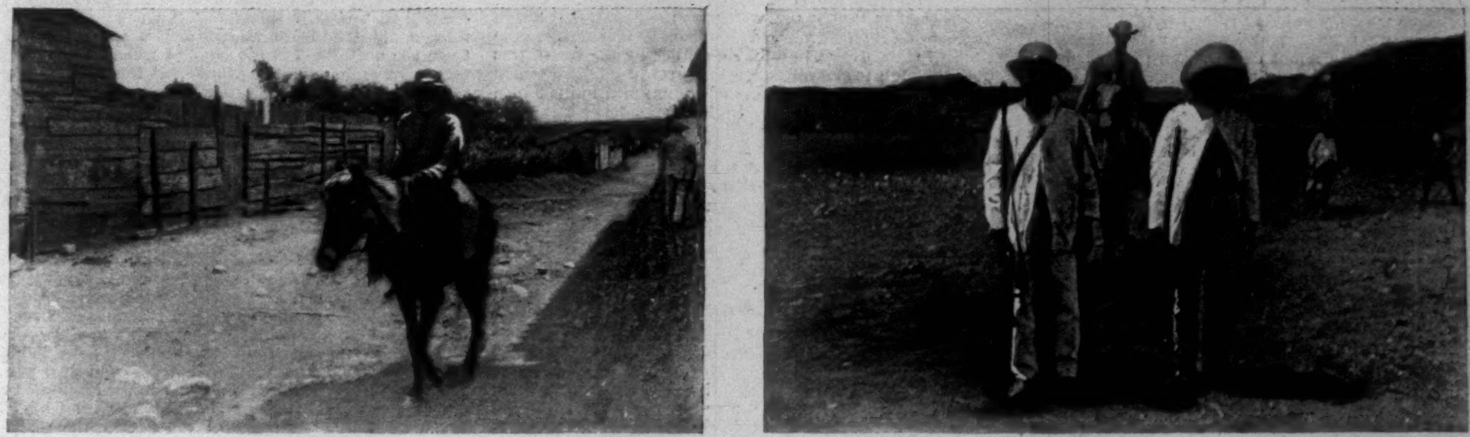
1. Fellaheen Troops. 2. A Military Funeral at Wady-Halfa. 3. Nubian Troops at Aiming Drill, Wady-Halfa. 4. Troop Steamer and Barges. 5. Sergeant McKay and Egyptian Officers. 6. Fellaheen Troops at Drill, Wady-Halfa. 7. Types from the Sudan. 8. Camel Corps drilling on the Desert.



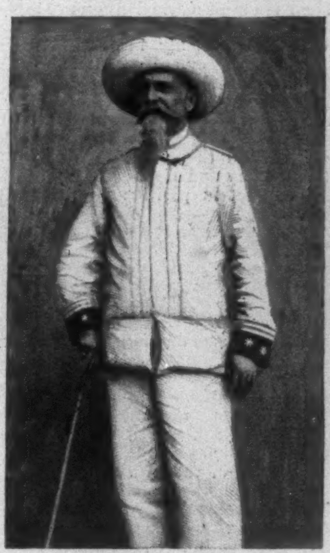
A STREET IN SANTA CLARA—CIVIL GUARDS MARCHING IN THE DISTANCE.
To the right of the centre is one of the Fences built to keep out the Insurgents.



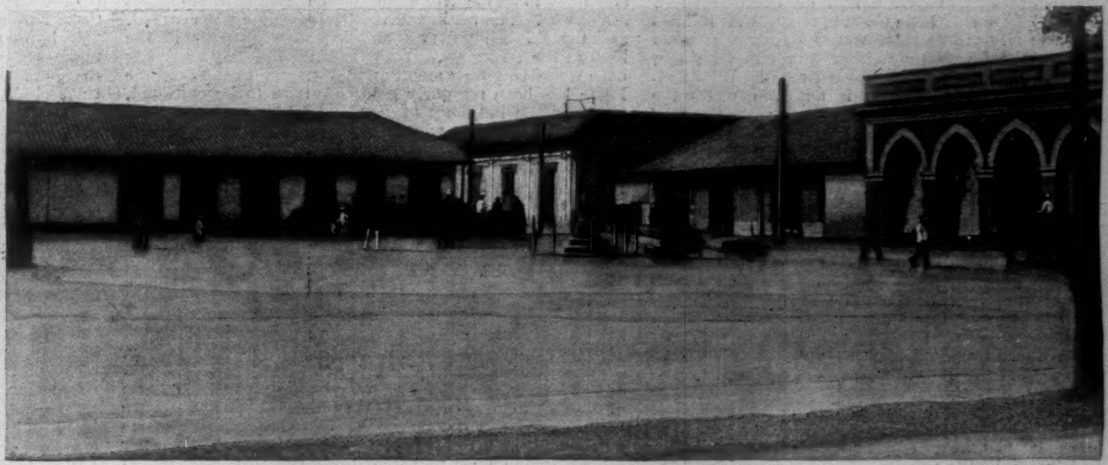
THEATRE, SANTA CLARA, FROM THE WINDOWS OF WHICH THE CIVIL GUARDS FIRED UPON THE INSURGENTS.



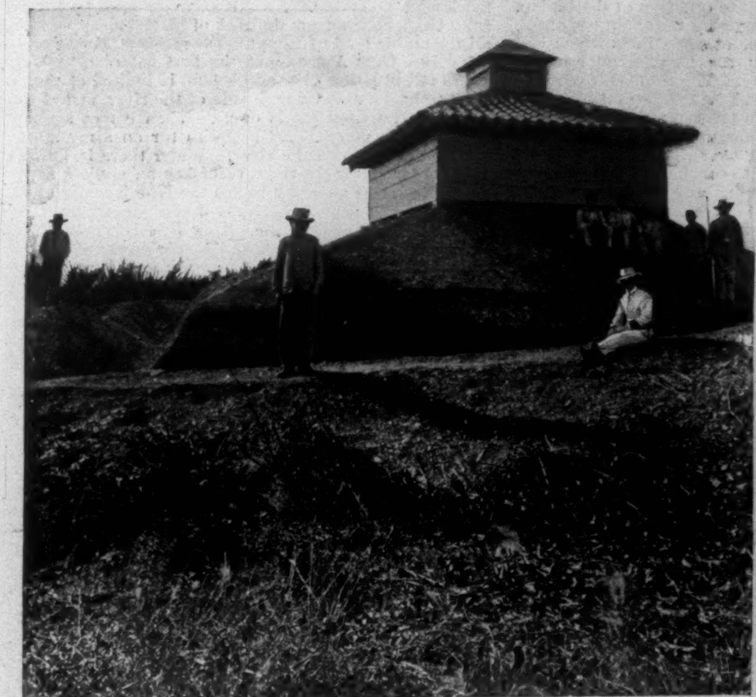
INSURGENT TYPES.



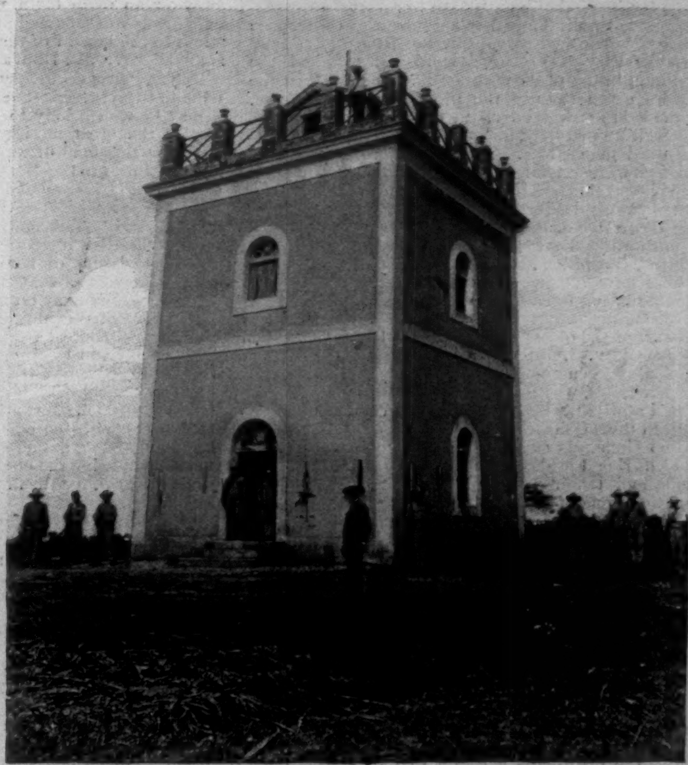
COLONEL HOLGUIN,
Who fought General Godoy by mistake near Santa Clara.



PLAZA INTO WHICH THE INSURGENTS RODE ON MARCH 24TH, AND WHERE LEONCIO VIDAL MET HIS DEATH.



ONE OF THE FORTS BUILT TO PROTECT SANTA CLARA FROM THE INSURGENTS.



FORT ON A HILL NEAR SANTA CLARA.
Attacked last January by seventeen Insurgents, who shot the Sentinel, and kept the Spanish Garrison at bay for Two Hours.

THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA—THE ATTACK ON SANTA CLARA.—From Photographs sent by our Special Correspondent.—[See Page 414.]

THE INSURRECTION IN CUBA.

THE ATTACK ON SANTA CLARA, AND THE DEATH OF LEONCIO VIDAL.

ALL Cuba has been startled with the news that the insurgents had attacked and entered Santa Clara. Santa Clara is a city of 20,000 souls, and is the capital of the province of Las Villas, in which General Pando had been so patiently waiting the flight of the insurgent army from the provinces of Havana and Matanzas to give that final blow which would crush and exterminate them. That the insurgents had passed General Pando's army to the east, suddenly appearing in the centre of this province, entering its capital, was indeed surprising news, only equalled by that of their previous invasion of Havana and Pinar del Rio.

As soon as I was aware of this new field of action I hunted up a train for Santa Clara. The train was piloted by the usual exploring train, consisting in this case of an engine, an armored car, and several flat cars. We had scarcely left Cardenas when we passed the estate of Santa Maria, the buildings of which were in flames, having just been fired by the insurgents because the owner persisted in disobeying the orders of Maximo Gomez. Our first stop was at Contreras, a place which was in ruins—ruined by the insurgents. The next stop was at Cimarones, a place which was being ruined by the Spaniards. All day long we travelled at a donkey-train rate, and when night closed in about us our train proceeded with more caution still, no lights being allowed in the cars. Once I groped my way to the third-class car, where, in the dim light of a rising moon, I could distinguish the soldiers, seated on the narrow benches, with their guns pointing out of the windows, ready to let them go off at the first alarm.

All the excitement concerning Santa Clara has been caused by a small party of insurgents who came into the city about one o'clock on the morning of the 24th. The military authorities throughout Cuba have adopted a system of defending their towns and cities similar to that used by the Moors during their occupation of Spain. As the Moors built walls around their cities, with little towers at convenient distances in which to keep their soldiers, the Spaniards do the same, except that they build the towers without the walls. These towers they call forts. In place of building stone walls around Santa Clara, they have built wooden fences across the streets where they enter the town. Thus, with their soldiers in the forts and the guards watching the fences, the Spanish officers, satisfied that all is secure, retire to rest. Now it seems that the insurgent leader Leoncio Vidal, with some eighty followers, determined to play a lark on the Spaniards. Mounted on their sturdy little Cuban ponies, these fellows came into the city where there were no forts, and when they came to the fences they either jumped over them, crawled through them, or rode around them. What actually happened at those fences is not known, for the soldiers who were guarding them have dropped out of history altogether. It is certain that the first thing really known of these insurgents was when about fourteen of them appeared at the southwest corner of the plaza, shouting like a crowd of Texan cowboys come to paint the town. They challenged the soldiers to come out in the open place and fight them, and they hurrahed for free Cuba and called their enemies Spanish thieves. As soon as the Spaniards could get over their surprise the *guardia civiles* opened fire upon the daring crowd from the windows of the theatre opposite, while the soldiers banged away from the other buildings on each side of the plaza. Then the insurgents fired back, and suddenly two of their number were seen to gallop forward, apparently with the object of crossing the plaza. There was a rain of bullets from the three sides of the plaza as those daring men rode forward. The first to fall was Leoncio Vidal, the leader. He fell by the side of the church, only wounded. The other insurgent had nearly crossed the plaza, when he too, with his horse, rolled in the dirt.

While the small party entertained the authorities in the plaza the balance of the insurgents rode through the streets, knocking at the various doors, laughing, and shouting "vivas for free Cuba" and "death to Spanish thieves," until they were tired. They thus held the city for a space of two hours, when they disappeared as suddenly as they came. After they had gone a soldier despatched the wounded man in the plaza with a rifle-shot, and then the bodies were given over to the plunder of the soldiers. One of the soldiers walked up to that of Leoncio Vidal, who was well known here, and with his rifle fired a bullet into the dead man's face. The next morning the half-naked bodies were extended on the pavement in the plaza for public inspection. Although the insurgents lost their foolhardy young leader, they had the satisfaction of bringing down five of the enemy.

The authorities have hunted up all the carpenters, blacksmiths, tinsmiths, and cart-drivers that the city afforded and have set them to work building fences—this time double board fences stuffed with sand. They have been working on these fences night and day. Never in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has Santa Clara seen so much activity. All the openings or streets leading to the plaza have been completely barricaded. Some of the fences have gates, which are to be opened during the day and closed at night, while to get around others one has to go through the adjoining buildings.

Maximo Gomez is camped within two leagues of the city, and during the day his men climb the hills to the south and look longingly over into the town. Yesterday I actually met one of them in the street. He told me that he had left his arms and accoutrements in the camp, and had changed his hat and come to town to get the news.

It is said that Gomez is coming here on Saturday. In the mean time the Spaniards are hurrying up the work on their fences, or defences, as fast as they can. They have already finished painting one of them in imitation of stone.

Gomez has played a beastly trick on the Spanish columns. Instead of fighting them himself, he went and camped between a column in command of Colonel Holguin on one side and General Godoy on the other. Then he sent word first to Colonel Holguin, then to General Godoy, that he was there. These officers immediately got their respective commands under way with the intention of giving the insurgents a lesson that they would long remember. While each was marching to the attack, Gomez with his forces quietly slipped to the south. Holguin was the first to get to the late camping-place of the insurgents, and just as he was looking around for the enemy General Godoy came up with his columns, opening a furious fire on General Holguin's command, which promptly returned the fire. Thus these two Spanish armies fought for about twenty minutes before they discovered the mistake; then they dropped their guns and threw themselves into one another's arms, crying like children, while old Maximo, far away, laughed as he never laughed before. In this action there were five men killed and 150 wounded, which the Spaniards claim is a proof of what they can do when they meet an enemy who does not run away. I got Colonel Holguin to consent to let me take his picture, and, judging by precedent, he and General Godoy will get another grade or promotion for this proof of Spanish valor. Now General Pando, after waiting so long for the insurgent army under Gomez to come into his jurisdiction, when he promised to exterminate them, has gone home to Spain in disgust.

SANTA CLARA, *April 3d*. T. R. DAWLEY, JUN.

ENGLAND AND THE SUDAN.

BY REV. A. F. SCHAUFFLER, D.D.

THE attention of England to Egyptian affairs began practically with the commencement of the Suez Canal. The mere fact that by this waterway the distance between London and Bombay was reduced from 12,559 miles, *viâ* the Cape of Good Hope, to only 7028 miles by the canal, was quite enough to call for deepest interest in the land which controlled this important line of communication between the mother-country and her Indian dependencies.

This interest was further intensified when, in 1875, Lord Beaconsfield purchased the Khedive's shares in the canal, paying for them almost four million pounds sterling, and thus gaining a controlling share in the financial management of the canal. Of course the question was frequently discussed in England whether it might not some day happen that a hostile power would gain control of the waterway, to the incalculable injury of England's commerce, to say nothing of her ability swiftly to reach her Eastern possessions.

This interest of England in Egypt was still further deepened by the rebellion of Arabi Pasha in 1881, for she saw that if he were to be successful her privileges were jeopardized, and a reactionary Moslem rule would control the navigation of this canal. England then endeavored to get France to join in the occupation of Egypt; but France declined, with characteristic folly, leaving England alone to do the necessary work. This she did; for her interests which were at stake were far too great to allow her to sit inactive while Arabi Pasha carried out his sweet will. The result was that the rebellion was crushed, and the English power was practically supreme in the land of the Pharaohs. Yet ever since that day there has been a native government, and the tribute to the Sublime Porte has been regularly paid. As was to be expected, however, the influence of England had been paramount in all things—a fact which (too late) has aroused the perpetual jealousy of the French. Had that nation been willing to unite with England in the putting down of the rebellion she might have shared in the results. But to refuse to do that and yet to desire to reap the beneficent results of the war is a course as selfish as it is unjust.

Just at the time when England was securing her position in Egypt it happened that in the south country a Mohammedan fanatic was rising to power. Mohammed Ahmed, the "Mahdi," overran the land, defeated Hicks Pasha, and tore the Sudan from the control of Egypt. Since that time Wady-Halfa, about 1000 miles south of Alexandria, has been the frontier town of England's sway.

During these fourteen years of England's practical sovereignty over the land the story of Egypt has been one of wonderful advance along every line. The finances have been brought out of chaos, so that there is a regular surplus in the revenue (a state of affairs non-existent in any other Mohammedan land in these days), the corvée or forced labor has been set aside, the villanous system of tax-gathering has been abolished, so that the poor fellah pays his taxes once, and gets his receipt therefor, and sees the tax-gatherer no more for a year. Many reforms in the administration of justice have been successfully carried out, much to the benefit of the laboring-classes. Egypt to-day is a well-governed land, and knows it perfectly.

Before going on to speak of the question of the Sudan, which at the present time is engaging the thoughts of all, it may be well briefly to glance at some facts which will justify the great anxiety that the English government shows in this land of antiquity. The total tonnage that passed through the Suez Canal in 1893 was 10,753,798. Of this, 7,977,728 was British, while the next on the list is Germany with only 798,929 tons, and France third with 702,634 tons. This shows the overwhelming preponderance of English interests in the canal, and proves the utter impossibility of her allowing any hostile power to gain possession of that route to India. Not till England loses her supremacy on the seas will this happen.

The fact of the improvement in living in Egypt since the English control began is acknowledged by all in the land, native and foreign, excepting only a small clique of former office-bearers, who now miss the "plums" that they formerly enjoyed, and who would fain regain their lost privileges. This Egyptian "Tammany Hall" will never be content with the new régime; but that class is slowly but surely being gathered to its fathers, leaving only those who are blessing the change that has come over the land, giving it now, for the first time in six thousand years, justice and judgment.

Of course these satisfactory results have created in England a renewed interest in that land, in which all philanthropists share, for all realize that if once the country came again under Mohammedan rule the old evils would soon reappear and the land fall back into its old miseries. To hold what has been gained at so much cost seems to be a kind of humanitarian duty, and to give it up a sort of national crime. For it is a fact that there is to-day in no part of the world a Moslem government that is not honeycombed with dishonesty and paralyzed with incompetency.

Danger to England's supremacy in Egypt may arise from two sources, and from two only. France would bring it to an end swiftly if she only could. Jealousy stimulates her activity along this line. But the danger from this side is not imminent. And if Italy joins with England, all that is left for France to do is to grumble and threaten. Action is out of the question. For England and Italy combined could annihilate all of France's boasted power at sea.

The second danger arises out of the south. Lying behind Egypt is the vast and ill-defined Sudan. Statistics here fail us, and we have to have recourse to the best estimates that we can in judging of the power of this unknown foe. It has been estimated that the population of the Sudan was, in 1883, about 10,000,000, but that since that day two-fifths of this population has succumbed to famine, disease, and internal war. This, however, would still leave a large and an exceedingly warlike population to be reckoned with. In addition to this it must ever be remembered that they look upon England as an infidel power that has no right to lord it over the faithful, and that these Sudanese Dervishes esteem it, in a sort, a duty to rescue their land from the grasp of the Giaour. To do this they would do and dare everything. That they are no mean antagonists is evident from the fact that in 1884, and again in 1885, these warriors of the desert actually broke an English square—a feat almost unprecedented. They are utterly fearless fighters, and literally "count not their lives dear unto themselves." When we were in Egypt in 1894 the Governor of Assouan told us that the Dervishes had all the time some 50,000 men under arms, and that they had, all told, 100,000 Martini-Henry rifles. He said that if only they had "the sinews of war," nothing could stand before them till they reached Cairo. To them the north land is the land of wealth, with its more temperate climate and its wonderful fertility. There lie the large and wealthy cities of Cairo and Alexandria, besides many populous and well-to-do towns, which attract their cupidity. Then, too, the Nile, ever flowing northward, seems to invite them in its direction. In the Sudan they are shut in, and they naturally long for some exit to more favored regions. All these are motives that lead them to take up arms against the "infidel," both *ad majoram Dei gloriam* and for their own glory as well.

What are the resources of the English that may enable them to overwhelm such forces? In the first place, there is the regular Egyptian army, numbering, it is true, only 13,000 fighting-men, but capable of very considerable expansion. These troops have been drilled and armed according to modern methods, and are fairly effective. When we were in Wady-Halfa in 1894 we met the English commander, Major MacDonald, and his second in command, Sergeant McKay. Both were exceedingly intelligent men. On asking whether they had any men with whom they dared meet the Dervishes of the Sudan, the reply was that while they did not place much reliance on their fellaheen troops, they thought the Nubians were a match for the Dervishes. There is a most marked difference between these Nubians and the fellaheen. The former are tall, well built, and exceedingly manly in appearance, and make first-class soldiers. They are accounted to be the descendants of the original inhabitants of the Dark Continent. At Wady-Halfa we found that, in anticipation of difficulties with these same Dervishes, the English had organized a camel corps of 2000 camels. These we saw in their drill on the desert, and they made a brave showing. They had mounted artillery and rapid-firing guns, which could be unloaded and set in position in an incredibly short space of time.

In addition to these native troops there is the small British army of about 4000 men. These, too, we saw, and they were, like all Englishmen, stocky, and would give the usual account of themselves in any battle they might engage in with the fiery sons of the desert. As we looked at them, and thought of the small number of men that they had in their ranks, and the magnitude of the responsibility that rested on their shoulders, we were reminded of what Mr. Kinglake calls "the thin red line," that has so often defeated overwhelming numbers on many a battle-field in days past. The fact is that England has never had any great army in the field, when compared with the armies of France or of Germany. But none the less she has accomplished miracles of valor with those whom she has sent out.

The territory in which these military operations must be carried out is most peculiar. On the map Egypt seems to be a large country. As a matter of fact, much the larger part of her territory is utter desert. She has only about 12,000 square miles of arable land out of a total of 400,000 square miles. In other words, hardly three per cent. of her land is habitable. As the traveller sails up the Nile from Cairo he can from the deck of his steamer see *literally* all the arable land of Egypt. *The rest is sand, and naught else.* But from Assouan, at the first cataract, to Wady-Halfa (all in Nubia), the arable land is limited at the very most to half a mile on each side of the river, and at times to only a hundred yards or so. Then comes again the interminable desert. All supplies for an army must be brought from down the river. Water there is, however, in abundance, for the river furnishes an endless supply. But as soon as an army leaves the Nile it needs another army to carry its water. This makes campaigning difficult, especially at low Nile. Low Nile is most favorable for the Dervish forces, as then they can cross and recross at many places at their will. At high Nile they are confined to one bank or the other. The English, on the other hand, who control all the boats on the river, prefer high Nile, as that enables them to transport their forces so much more readily. This is why the advance up the Nile has been put off till September, for during September and October they are sure of plenty of water for boats.

In speaking of so large a part of the land as "sand" many people will be tempted to think of it as *level*. This is far from being the case. The desert is really rolling country, divided into valleys of varying depth, so that a regiment might pass near to a large body of the enemy and never be aware of their presence. Of course this enhances the difficulties of all military operations, and renders "surprises" quite frequent. At Korosko, for example, we saw the "lookout" of the garrison on the top of a hill about one thousand feet high. They were there day and night, watching against raids of the Dervishes. This could not be done from the lower land, as, owing to the conformation of the country alluded to above, the enemy might come close to the fort without being discovered.

The question is now being warmly discussed what the object of this invasion of the south land means. What purpose have the English in assuming the responsibilities of such a hazardous undertaking? Why not remain at Wady-Halfa, and fight it out there, rather than advance farther from their supplies into the unfriendly desert?

To answer this question is probably not possible for us. Any reply that might be made would be mere conjecture. But if the question be asked, "What will the ultimate outcome of these warlike arrangements be?" it seems to me that the whole history of England's past experiences can afford but one answer. Whatever may be her present intention, it is certain that the end will be that she will eventually conquer and hold the whole of the Sudan, to its immense improvement. There seems to be a destiny that ever forces the Anglo-Saxon on, many times in spite of his inclination. Willy-nilly, he drives on in his conquests. Now intentionally, now unintentionally, he fights, but ever with the same result, namely, he gets a little more land. He groans over it, and complains of the new and added responsibilities. But even while he is doing this he somehow gets into another difficulty, and again with the same result. I see in these repeated experiences in all parts of the world an inevitable destiny, to escape which is as impossible as to escape from the tides. Fortunately the progress of Anglo-Saxon power is always for the best good of those over whom it is extended. There is no land in all the earth which is not better off for English rule than it was before Great Britain raised her flag on the soil. In this we may rejoice, as children rejoice in the successes of their loved mother. Then will be fulfilled the words of General Gordon, which he sent from Khartoom, saying: "I shall hold out here as long as I can, and if I can suppress the rebellion I shall do so. If I cannot I shall retire to the Equator, and leave you the indelible disgrace of abandoning the garrisons of Senaar, Kassala, Berber, and Dongola, *with the certainty that you will eventually be forced to smash the Mahdi under greater difficulties.*"

LIFE AND LETTERS

"I SEE," said my friend, "that you have been writing a good deal about the theatre during the past winter. You have been attacking its high hats and its high prices, and its low morals; and I suppose that you think you have done good, as people call it."

I.

This seemed like a challenge of some sort, and I prepared myself to take it up warily. I said I should be very sorry to do good, as people called it; because such a line of action nearly always ended in spiritual pride for the doer, and general demoralization for the doee. Still, I said, a law had lately been passed in Ohio giving a man who found himself behind a high hat at the theatre a claim for damages against the manager; and if the passage of this law could be traced ever so faintly and indirectly to the teachings of this department, I should not altogether grieve for the good I had done. I added that if all the States should pass such a law, and other laws fixing a low price for a certain number of seats at the theatres, or obliging the managers to give one free performance every month, as the law does in Paris, and should then forbid indecent and immoral plays—

"I see what you mean," said my friend, a little impatiently. "You mean sumptuary legislation. But I have not come to talk to you upon that subject, for then you would probably want to do all the talking yourself. I want to ask you if you have visited any of the cheaper amusements of this metropolis, or know anything of the really clever and charming things one may see there for a very little money."

"Ten cents, for instance?"

"Yes."

I answered that I would never own to having come as low down as that; and I expressed a hardy and somewhat inconsistent doubt of the quality of the amusement that could be had for that money. I questioned if anything intellectual could be had for it.

"What do you say to the ten-cent magazines?" my friend retorted. "And do you pretend that the two-dollar drama is intellectual?"

I had to confess that it generally was not, and that this was part of my grief with it.

Then he said: "I don't contend that it is intellectual, but I say that it is often clever and charming at the ten-cent shows, just as it is often clever and charming in the ten-cent magazines; I think the average of propriety is rather higher than it is at the two-dollar theatres; and it is much more instructive at the ten-cent shows, if you come to that. The other day," said my friend, and in squaring himself comfortably in his chair and finding room for his elbow on the corner of my table he knocked off some books for review, "I went to a dime museum for an hour that I had between two appointments, and I must say that I never passed an hour's time more agreeably. In the curio hall, as one of the lecturers on the curios called it—they had several lecturers in white wigs and scholars' caps and gowns—there was not a great deal to see, I confess; but everything was very high class. There was the inventor of a perpetual motion, who lectured upon it and explained it from a diagram. There was a fortune-teller in a three-foot tent whom I did not interview; there were five macaws in one cage, and two gloomy apes in another. On a platform at the end of the hall was an Australian family a good deal gloomier than the apes, who sat in the costume of our latitude, staring down the room with varying expressions all verging upon melancholy madness, and who gave me such a pang of compassion as I have seldom got from the tragedy of the two-dollar theatres. They allowed me to come quite close up to them, and to feed my pity upon their wild dejection in exile without stint. I couldn't enter into conversation with them, and express my regret at finding them so far from their native boomerangs and kangaroos and pine-tree grubs, but I know they felt my sympathy, it was so evident. I didn't see their performance, and I don't know that they had any. They may simply have been there ethnologically, but this was a good object, and the sight of their spiritual misery was alone worth the price of admission.

"After the inventor of the perpetual motion had brought his harangue to a close, we all went round to the dais where a lady in blue spectacles lectured us upon a fire-escape which she had invented, and operated a small model of it. None of the events were so exciting that we could regret it when the chief lecturer announced that this was the end of the entertainment in the curio hall, and that now the performance in the theatre was about to begin. He invited us to buy tickets at an additional charge of five, ten, or fifteen cents for the gallery, orchestra circle, or orchestra.

"I thought I could afford an orchestra stall, for once. We were three in the orchestra, another man and a young mother, not counting the little boy she had with her; there were two people in the gallery, and a dozen at least in the orchestra circle. An attendant shouted, 'Hats off!' and the other man and I uncovered, and a lady came up from under the stage and began to play the piano in front of it. The curtain rose, and the entertainment began at once. It was a passage apparently from real life, and it involved a dissatisfied boarder and the daughter of the landlady. There was not much coherence in it, but there was a good deal of conscience on the part of the actors, who toiled through it with unflagging energy. The young woman was equipped for the dance she brought into it at one point rather than for the part she had to sustain in the drama. It was a very blameless dance, and she gave it as if she were tired of it, but was not going to falter. She delivered her lines with a hard, Southwestern accent, and I liked fancying her having come up in a simpler-hearted section of the country than ours, encouraged by a strong local belief that she was destined to do Juliet and Lady Macbeth, or Peg Woffington at the least; but very likely she had not.

"Her performance was followed by an event involving a single character. The actor, naturally, was blackened as to his skin, but as to his dress he was all in white, and at the first glance I could see that he had temperament. I suspect that he thought I had too, for he began to address his entire drama to me. This was not surprising, for it would not have been the thing for him to single out the young mother; and the other man in the orchestra stalls seemed a vague and inexperienced youth, whom he would hardly have given the preference over me. I felt the compliment, but upon the whole it embarrassed me; it was too intimate, and it gave me a publicity I would willingly have foregone. I did what I could to reject it, by feigning an indifference to his jokes; I even frowned a measure of disapproval; but this merely stimulated his ambition. He was really a merry creature, and when he had got off a number of very good things which were received in perfect silence, he looked over his audience with a woe-begone eye, and said, with an effect of delicate apology, 'I hope I'm not disturbing you any,' I broke down and laughed, and that delivered me into his hand. He immediately said to me that now he would tell me about a friend of his, who had a pretty large family, eight of them living, and one in Philadelphia; and then for no reason he seemed to change his mind, and said he would sing me a song written expressly for him—by an expressman; and he went on from one wild gayety to another, until he had worked his audience up to quite a frenzy of enthusiasm, and almost had a recall when he went off.

"I was rather glad to be rid of him, and I was glad that the next performers, who were a lady and a gentleman contortionist of Spanish-American extraction, behaved more impartially. They were really remarkable artists in their way, and though it's a painful way, I couldn't help admiring their gift in bow-knots and other difficult poses. The gentleman got abundant applause, but the lady at first got none. I think perhaps it was because, with the correct feeling that prevailed among us, we could not see a lady contort herself with so much approval as a gentleman, and that there was a wound to our sense of propriety in witnessing her skill. But I could see that the poor girl was hurt in her artist pride by our severity, and at the next thing she did, I led off the applause with my umbrella. She instantly lighted up with a joyful smile, and the young mother in the orchestra leaned forward to nod her sympathy to me while she clapped. We were fast becoming a domestic circle, and it was very pleasant, but I thought that upon the whole I had better go."

"And do you think you had a profitable hour at that show?" I asked, with a smile that was meant to be sceptical.

"Profitable?" said my friend. "I said agreeable. I don't know about the profit. But it was very good variety, and it was very cheap. I understand that this is the kind of thing you want the two-dollar theatre to come down to, or up to."

"Not exactly, or not quite," I returned, thoughtfully, "though I must say I think your time was as well spent as it would have been at most of the plays I have seen this winter."

My friend left the point, and said, with a dreamy air: "It was all very pathetic, in a way. Three out of those five people were really clever, and certainly artists. That colored brother was almost a genius, a very common variety of genius, but still a genius, with a gift for his calling that couldn't be disputed. He was a genuine humorist, and I sorrowed over him—after I got safely away from his intimacy—as I should over some author who was struggling along without winning his public. Why not? One is as much in the show business as the other. There is a difference of quality rather than of kind. Perhaps by-and-by my colored humorist will make a strike with his branch of the public, as you are always hoping to do with yours."

"You don't think you're making yourself rather offensive?" I suggested.

"Not intentionally. Aren't the arts one? How can you say that one is higher than the other? Why is it nobler to contort the mind than to contort the body?"

"I am always saying that it is not at all noble to contort the mind," I returned, "and I feel that to aim at nothing higher than the amusement of your readers is to bring yourself most distinctly to the level of the show business."

"Yes, I know that is your pose," said my friend. "And I dare say you really think that you make a distinction in facts when you make a distinction in terms. If you don't amuse your readers, you don't keep them; practically, you cease to exist. You may call it interesting them, if you like; but, really, what is the difference? You do your little act, here, once a week; and because the stage is large and the house is fine, you fancy you are not of that sad brotherhood which aims to please in humbler places, with perhaps cruder means—"

"I don't know whether I like your saws less than your instances, or your instances less than your saws," I broke in. "Have you been at the circus, yet?"

II.

"Yet?" demanded my friend. "I went the first night, and I have been a good deal interested in the examination of my emotions ever since. I can't find out just why I have so much pleasure in the trapeze. Half the time I want to shut my eyes, and a good part of the time I do look away; but I wouldn't spare any actor the most dangerous feat. One of the poor girls, that night, dropped awkwardly into the net after her performance, and limped off to the dressing-room with a sprained ankle. It made me rather sad, to think that now she must perhaps give up her perilous work for a while, and pay a doctor, and lose her salary, but it didn't take away my interest in the other trapezists flying through the air above another net.

"If I had honestly complained of anything it would have been of the superfluity which glutted rather than fed me. How can you watch three sets of trapezists at once? You really see neither well. It's the same with the three rings. There should be one ring, and each act should have a fair chance with the spectator, if it took six hours; I would willingly give the time. Fancy three stages at the theatre, with three plays going on at once!"

"No, *don't* fancy that!" I entreated. "One play is bad enough."

"Or fancy reading three novels simultaneously, and listening at the same time to a lecture and a sermon, which could represent the two platforms between the rings," my friend calmly persisted. "The three rings are an abuse and an outrage, but I don't know but I object still more to the silencing of the clowns. They have a great many clowns, now, but they are all dumb, and you only get half the good you used to get out of the single clown of the old one-ring circus. Why, it's as if the literary humorist were to lead up to a charming conceit or a subtle jest, and then put asterisks where the humor ought to come in."

"Don't you think you are going from bad to worse?" I asked.

My friend went on: "I'm afraid the circus is spoilt for me. It has become too much of a good thing; for it *is* a good thing; almost the best thing in the way of an entertainment that there is. I'm still very fond of it, but I come away defeated and defrauded because I have been embarrassed with riches, and have been given more than I was able to grasp. My greed has been overfed. I think I must keep to those entertainments where you can come at ten in the morning and stay till ten at night, with a perpetual change of bill, only one stage, and no fall of the curtain. I suppose *you* would object to them because they're getting rather dear; at the best of them now they ask you a dollar and a half for the first seats."

I said that I did not think this too much for twelve hours, if the intellectual character of the entertainment was correspondingly high.

"It's as high as that of some magazines," said my friend, "though I could sometimes wish it were higher. It's like the matter in the Sunday papers—about that average. Some of it's good, and most of it isn't. Some of it could hardly be worse. But there is a great deal of it, and you get it consecutively and not simultaneously. That constitutes its advantage over the circus."

My friend stopped, with a vague smile, and I asked, "Then, do I understand that you would advise me to recommend the dime museums, the circus, and the perpetual-motion varieties in the place of the theatres?"

"You have recommended books instead, and that notion doesn't seem to have met with much favor, though you urged their comparative cheapness. Now, why not suggest something that is really level with the popular taste?"

W. D. HOWELLS.

THE DEFENCE OF THE "GENERAL ARMSTRONG."

BY JAMES BARNES.

THERE has probably been as much writing done about the wonderful defence of the privateer brig *General Armstrong* as there has been about any action in which ships of our regular navy participated. The affair itself was long kept before the public mind, owing to the claims of the heirs of the owners of the American vessel for damages against the Portuguese government.

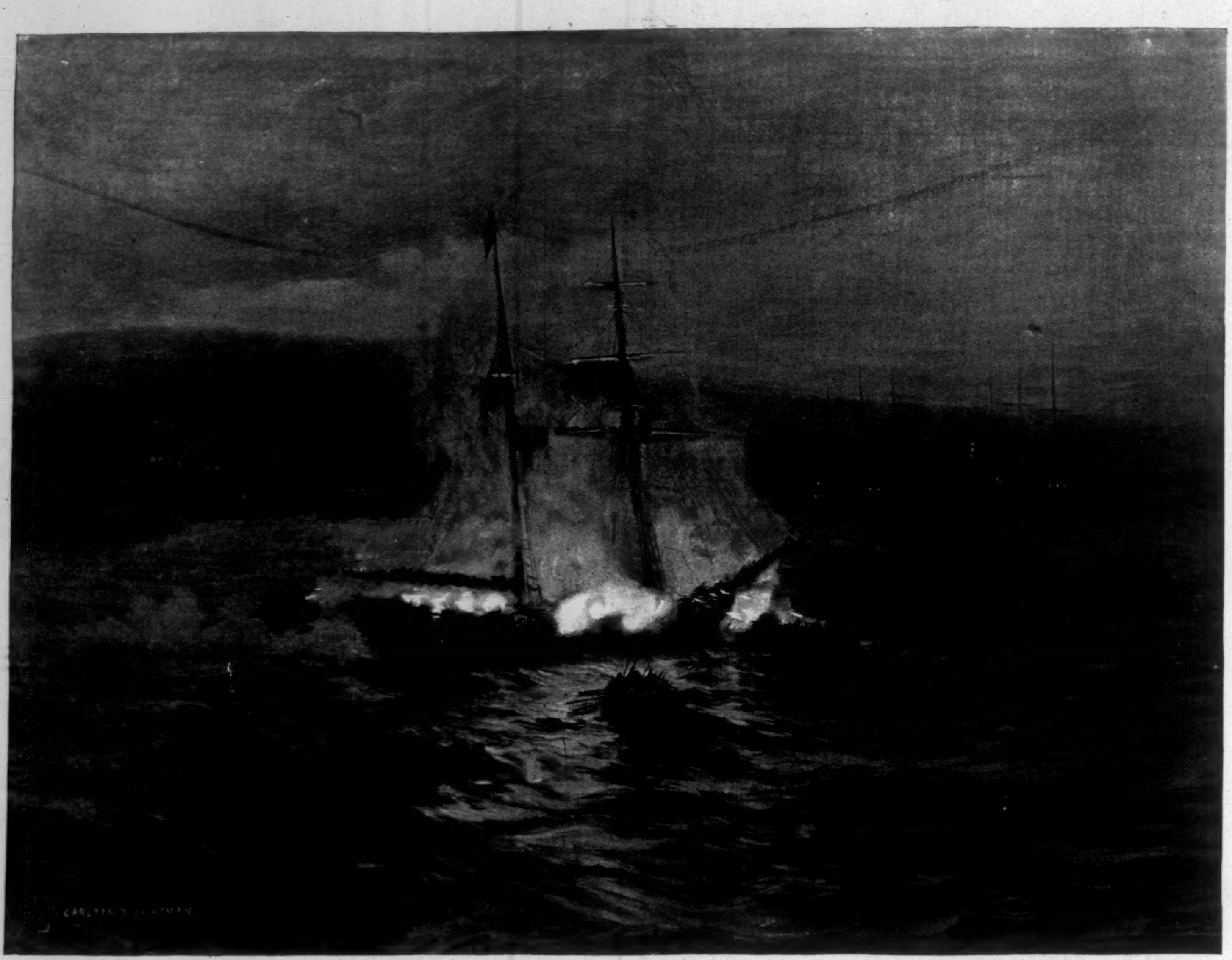
The *Armstrong* was one of those fast-sailing, cleverly handled little vessels that caused such havoc to the British shipping during the years 1812–15. She sailed from New York, and her crew was composed, as a great many crews of these vessels were, of the pick of the merchant service, fishermen, and, not strange to relate, adventurers of every sort and description, who, however, proved themselves to be great fighters under competent leadership. Her crew mustered ninety men.

Her armament was rather a peculiar one. She carried no carronades, but had three long nines on either side, and a long 24-pounder amidships. She could fight at a greater distance than many of the vessels belonging to the regular service.

Farragut in his journal mentions, upon sailing out of New York in the *Essex*, seeing a sail off the weather beam. To the surprise of the officers, she was carrying more canvas than might have been considered prudent considering the weather, but she stood up under it and legged it so fast that she soon came within hailing distance of the *Essex*. The latter vessel, not knowing her character, had her men at quarters. All the officers admired the way the little brig was handled. Upon speaking her she proved to be the *General Armstrong*, bound upon her second cruise into British waters—her first had been most successful.

But to the event which has handed her name down to history. On September 26, 1814, the *General Armstrong* came to anchor in the harbor of Fayal, a Portuguese port. At about sunset of the same day three large ships were seen to enter the roads. They were flying the British flag.

As the *General Armstrong* lay some distance out, and it



THE ATTACK ON THE AMERICAN PRIVATEER "GENERAL ARMSTRONG" IN THE HARBOR OF FAYAL, AZORES, SEPTEMBER 26, 1814.
DRAWN BY CARLTON T. CHAPMAN.

was dead calm within the harbor, Captain Reid, the American commander, deemed it wise to trust entirely to the neutrality of the port, and to claim the protection which should be given to any vessel by a neutral power.

As darkness fell he saw some suspicious actions on the part of the British ships—the *Carnation* coming as close as pistol-shot range, and the others approaching to a distance of less than two miles; through the glass Reid could see that boats were being lowered. He trusted, however, for some time in the good faith and justice of the British captains, but these preparations suggested no peaceful intentions, and he began to warp his brig closer in to shore, anchoring at last, stem and stern, under the very guns of the castle that commanded the harbor.

Calling his men on deck, he told them that he thought that the British intended, if possible, to cut him out. At once the temper of his crew was evident. A boatswain's mate approached him, and saluting, said: "You can trust in us, sir. What you *say* we *do*."

It was growing dusk. At about eight o'clock Captain Reid plainly saw four boats filled with armed men rowing down toward him. As soon as they were within hailing distance he stepped upon the bulwarks, and making a trumpet of his hands, he shouted: "Boats there! Approach no nearer; for your safety I warn you."

The rowing ceased, and there was evidently a consultation amongst the officers in command. Captain Reid's men were standing at their quarters. Two of the guns were heavily loaded with grape. After talking a few minutes it was evident that the English decided to risk the venture, for the oars caught the water at once, and they came dashing on toward the American vessel. All dissembling was laid aside, and Reid ordered his men to fire. Two of the boats mounted swivels forward and returned shots in answer. A discharge of small-arms also began, but the torrent of grape that had raked one of the cutters had killed a first lieutenant and several of his men, and most of the others were wounded. The boats swung back, and, like crippled wild fowl, made for the sanctuary of the vessels in the harbor.

The moon had now risen, and it was very light. Large crowds had gathered on the shore, but the castle displayed no intention of taking any part in the affair.

The commanders of his Britannic Majesty's ships *Plantagenet*, *Rota*, and *Carnation* held a consultation. It resulted in a "most outrageous violation of the neutrality of a friendly port, and utter contempt of the laws of civilized nations," to quote from the report of John G. Dabney, American consul at Fayal.

Angered at the result of their first attempt, the English threw all caution aside. They crowded as many men as possible into all the boats they had, armed them with carronades, swivels, and small-arms, and once more rowed down in two divisions; but Reid was waiting for them. The guns were double-shotted, and he moved two of the long nines from the other side across the deck and cut ports for them in the bulwarks. A tremendous action now began, which lasted about forty minutes. Never in any of the hostile meetings between the frigates or the fleets of the United States and England has such destruction and carnage been recorded, in proportion to the number engaged, as is shown by the loss of the British on this occasion. The fire from the brig cut away whole boats' crews and almost destroyed the boats. It is estimated that about 400 men were divided amongst the flotilla of the attacking party. They fought bravely, but there is merit in being well prepared for defence. More than half of the British were either killed or wounded, "Long Tom," the 24-pounder, doing terrible execution.

The outmost boats showed signs of giving up the contest. Those nearer the *General Armstrong* continued to fight desperately, but none had approached near enough to cut their way through the boarding nettings which Reid had strung along the sides.

Seeing that there was an intention to retire, if possible, on the part of the British, he slackened his fire. Two boats were drifting, however, beneath the quarter of the American privateer. They were loaded with their own dead. From these two boats only seventeen men reached shore alive, and, with the exception of three, all of these were wounded.

The following day, from dawn until sunset, the British were occupied in burying their dead, among them being two lieutenants, one midshipman of the *Rota*, and the first lieutenant of the *Plantagenet*, who died of his wounds. The British endeavored to conceal the extent of the loss, but even they admit that they lost in killed and those who died of their wounds afterwards upwards of 125 officers and men.

The captain of the *Rota*, in his report, stated that he lost seventy men from his own ship.

It was claimed by the English that the first expedition of four boats, which was sent out early in the evening of the 26th, was merely a reconnoitring party, and had no hostile intentions; but it seemed a strange thing to reconnoitre at night an enemy's vessel in a friendly port with 120 armed men, a third as many again as were on board the American brig. There is no question, viewing the proceedings dispassionately, that they had hoped to take Reid by surprise.

To quote from Dabney's report once more: "In vain can he [the British commander] expect by such subterfuge to shield himself from the indignation of the world, and the merited resentment of his own government and nation for thus trampling on the sovereignty of their most ancient and faithful ally, and for the wanton sacrifice of British lives."

The comparison of the loss sustained by the American and by the British sides is almost ridiculous—on the *Armstrong* two were killed and seven wounded. One of the former was Alexander O. Williams, of New York, the second lieutenant, an officer of bravery and merit. The first and third lieutenants, Messrs. Worth and Johnson, were wounded, and thus, strange to say, Captain Reid was deprived of the services of all of his junior officers, and conducted the defence alone.

The next morning one of the British ships took advantage of the wind which sprang up, and sailing in, commenced a heavy cannonade upon the privateer. Captain Reid replied for a few moments, but finding of course that the result of final capture was inevitable, owing to the fact that the other vessels displayed intentions of joining in, he decided to abandon the *General Armstrong*. He hove his guns and powder overboard, and manning his boats, took his crew ashore.

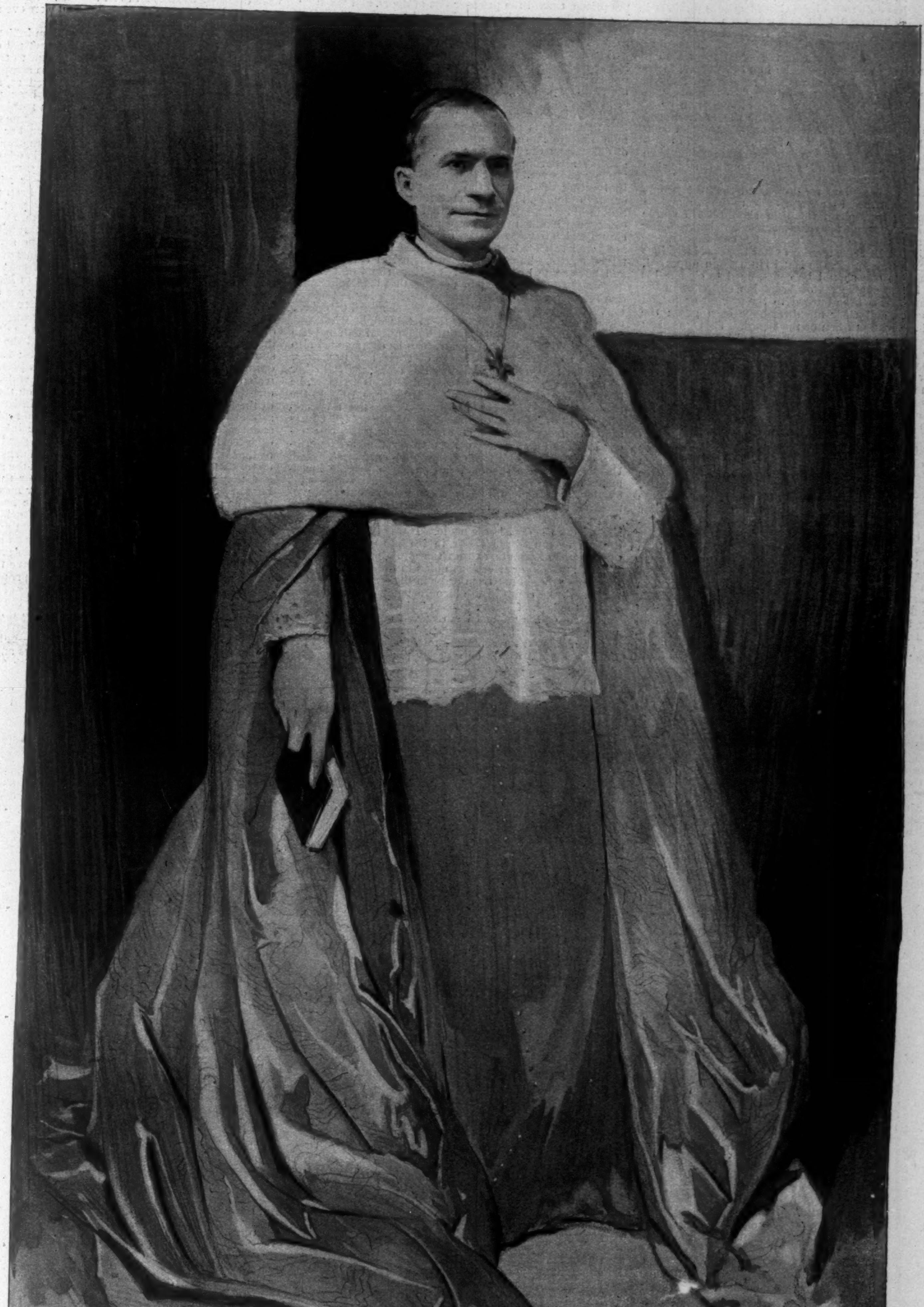
As soon as the *Armstrong* was abandoned the British took possession of her, but finding that she had been partially destroyed, out of revenge immediately set fire to her.

Dabney, in his letter to the Secretary of State, remarks as follows: "At nine o'clock in the evening (soon after the first attack) I called on the Governor, requesting his Excellency to protect the privateer, either by force or by such remonstrance to the commander of the squadron as would cause him to desist from any further attempt. The Governor, indignant at what had passed, but feeling himself totally unable, with the slender means he possessed, to resist such a force, took the part of remonstrating, which he did in forcible but respectful terms. His letter to Captain Lloyd had no other effect than to produce a menacing reply, insulting in the highest degree. Nothing can exceed the indignation of the public authorities, as well as of all ranks and descriptions of persons here, at this unprovoked enormity. Such was the rage of the British to destroy this vessel that no regard was paid to the safety of the town. Some of the inhabitants were wounded, and a number of houses were much damaged. The strongest representations on this subject are prepared by the Governor for his court."

Now followed one of the strangest incidents that occurred during our last war with England. The senior commander, Captain Lloyd, threatened to send on shore an armed force to arrest the crew of the privateer, claiming that Englishmen were among them; but the *General Armstrong's* people fled to the mountains, and some of them took possession of an old church, preparing to defend themselves. Lloyd was fearful of losing more men if he tried to force his point. So, resorting to stratagem, he addressed an official letter to the Governor, stating that in the American crew were two men deserters from his own squadron, and who were thus guilty of high treason. Under this claim a force was sent into the country by the Portuguese. The American seamen were arrested and brought to town, but the pretended deserters could not be found. All the seamen, however, had to pass under the humiliating examination of the British officers.

It was a fortunate thing that the erroneous statement of Captain Lloyd resulted in nothing more serious than this.

Reid protested against the actions of the commanders of the British squadron, and also against the government of Portugal for not protecting him, and it was on this protest that the wearisome waiting and lawsuits arose which became known as the "Armstrong claims," and which were decided unfortunately against the Americans by Louis Napoleon, who was chosen arbiter. The "Long Tom" was presented to America by the Portuguese three years ago, and was exhibited at the World's Fair in Chicago.



CARDINAL SATOLLI.—[See Page 419.]

A COMPARISON OF TURKISH LAWS WITH ACTUAL CONDITIONS.

IV.

To observe that the talent of the Turkish government for systematic misrepresentation was as great forty years ago as it is now, one has only to read the Considerations published February 8, 1856, just when the powers were finding it necessary to force the Hatti Humayoun, or second charter, from the pen of the Sultan. According to this whitewashing document the situation was then declared to be good—not the same in all provinces, to be sure, but, on the whole, the lives and property of citizens were safe. "One may search in vain," so it reads, "in these later times for a single example of spoliation or of confiscation accomplished by order of the authorities." Again: "Whenever the councils in non-Mussulman communities have manifested a wish for the extension of prerogatives, measures looking to such a consummation have been favored. . . . In regard to certain points touching the tolerance of religion, reform is wholly accomplished." But in 1895 the ambassadors recommended that the people should not be forced to change their religion, and that every convert to Mohammedanism should have ample opportunity to consult his religious teachers before being officially received into the Mohammedan community.

On February 18, 1856, ten days after the Considerations were given to the public, the Hatti Humayoun appeared, saying that no one should be constrained to change his religion; but to-day scores of Armenian churches in the six provinces have been burned to the ground or turned into mosques, and their members have been given the choice of the white turban or the sword. This document further promised that the people should be employed by the state and received into schools without distinction of nationality; that a budget should be presented annually; but who knows to-day what becomes of the revenues? The rumor among the four hundred, who ought to know best, says that the Sultan invests in American stocks, stores away funds in sound banks, and spends large sums in his harem and for the gratification of personal tastes and desires. He gives most arbitrary orders for the money to be handed over to him from the Treasury, and the only class of officials that is ever sure of pay is the set of men in the Department of Public Instruction. At one time certain revenues were set aside for their use, and recently, when complaint was raised by other employés that the public-instruction men were too highly favored at a time when other servants of the state were penniless, the Sultan could not deprive them of their revenues, for they raised such an uproar that his Majesty knew better than to add these influential men to the ranks of the disaffected.

But we return to a consideration of the departments of government, and continue an examination which dealt in the last article only with the administrative sections.

In the first place, we may ask, what is the condition of the mixed tribunals that were to bring security to all Christians, and to make even the lives of Turks more tolerable? One man, called the chief of the magistracy of the province, was to be named by the Sultan, on the proposition of the Sheik-ul-Islam, to inspect not only the sentences of the Mohammedan religious courts, but to preside over the chief mixed tribunal of the vilayet as well. In this high court of the vilayet were to be six members—three Mussulmans and three non-Mussulmans. This court was to take cognizance of all causes except contests between Mussulmans in the jurisdiction of the Sheri or Mohammedan religious courts, contests in the special jurisdiction of non-Mussulman communities, and matters within the exclusive competence of commercial courts. Ordinary cases in civil law could be decided by the proper men in a religious community if the contestants desired such a course. In these mixed courts Christian and Mohammedan witnesses were to be heard impartially. The mixed tribunals were to be divided into two parts—one for criminal and one for civil cases; and the presidents of the courts were to be graduates of the law-school in Constantinople—as fast as the law-school could manufacture enough of them. A bar was actually established in Constantinople twenty-five years ago, and no advocate could be admitted to the bar for law practice without a diploma from the law-school, or a certificate of examination from an administrative council; although how an administrative council could ever become capable of conducting such an examination it is impossible to tell. But the bar was abolished in 1886. Besides an official called the Judge of Instruction, who was to examine quickly, thoroughly, and honestly into all proposed law contests, and to decide whether there was a case or not, a Committee of Preliminary Inquiry was to see that prisoners were not long detained without trial. The lower courts in the caza and sandjak were to be reproductions of the high court of the vilayet. The highest tribunal was to be the Court of Cassation, in Constantinople, corresponding to American supreme courts, in which questions of law and not of fact were to be decided. The theory was a beautiful one, but what has been the practice?

In the recommendations made to the Sultan by the powers a year ago the necessity for prompt action on the part of the Committee of Preliminary Inquiry and of the Judges of Instruction was re-emphasized. Some change in the old plan was made by the substitution of justices of the peace for the mixed tribunal of the caza, and by the insertion of a Court of Assize for criminal cases to be held in turn in each of the cazas of a sandjak. Even the fair treatment of witnesses was again considered. For Christian witnesses in mixed tribunals have never been listened to when testifying against Moslems. (The Blue-Books amply justify this statement.) They have always been more or less intimidated or bribed, as in the trial of Thoumayan and Kayayan in Angora. At that time men were imprisoned for the purpose of bribing them to sign a statement that the signature on revolutionary documents was Thoumayan's signature, and to testify that he was the organizer and leader of the new movement. One poor fellow who refused to sign the paper or give any such testimony, because he was not connected with the movement in any way and knew nothing about Thoumayan's relation to it, was taken off to Angora, and finally banished to the fortress of Acre, on the Syrian coast—a fate accorded him for his obstinacy; at least no crime was proved against him.

Delays in the courts of appeal doom a man to long imprisonment even if the final decision is in his favor. One victim of such delays in Anatolia was given a life imprisonment in the court of first instance, fifteen years in the court of appeal, seven years in the next court, while the highest court in Constantinople declared him innocent of the alleged crime. He had already been in prison seven years when the telegram for his release arrived at midnight. At once, upon its receipt, the authorities went to the prison, turned the prisoner out of doors, and when he begged to be allowed to remain until morning the jailer said, "No; I am ordered to release you, and out you must go." Turkish officials can obey orders.

But not only is delay the horror of an innocent man, but *ex post facto* laws may also victimize him, and it is not uncommon for a man to be tried, convicted, and sentenced under a law promulgated to meet the special requirements of his case.

Add to these general statements about the courts the fact that there is probably no set of officials in the Ottoman Empire more incompetent to discharge the duties of office than the judges or presidents of mixed courts, and the rendering of justice becomes a lost art. While the law endeavors to curb their bribe-taking propensities by limiting the tenure in any one place to two years or eighteen months, it cannot make them overwork, and the Sultan himself said, a year ago, that he feared some of the cadis were inclined to be indolent. The judges of Sheri courts, which have jurisdiction in cases between Moslems, are better educated, as a rule, than the presidents of the mixed courts. They have been trained in the mosques, and have some knowledge of the Koran and of the Haneefia. It may be noted in passing that the Mohammedan Sheri courts do not recognize the Napoleonic Code as law. It is useless to cite decisions of the mixed tribunals, for the religious judges give them no weight whatever. For the judges of the Sheri courts the mixed tribunals do not exist. These religious courts can be commended also for the comparative quickness of their law processes. One man, the judge, constitutes the court, and whether he be in the chief city of the caza, sandjak, or vilayet, he is only a court of first instance, and the appeal lies to the Sheik-ul-Islam in Constantinople. When the laws emphasize the fact that the members of the mixed courts are to be independent of any influence or pressure exercised by the judge or any other member, they are describing one more condition of the non-existent Turkish Utopia; for when the court adjourns to private apartments to come to its decisions the president expresses his opinion, and then ordinarily the members exclaim, particularly the Christian members, with obsequious gravity, "Yes, your Honor; yes, you are right; you are always right," and the decision is made. It was in a circular addressed by the Grand-Vizier, in 1872, to all the governors-general of provinces that the situation was well explained: "The imperfections noted in the working of the tribunals proceed not from error in the regulations. One must seek the cause in the incompetency of the *personnel* and in the lack of ability in the presidents."

Reform of the prisons has received much attention on paper. The Hatti Humayoun promised changes for the better, abolished torments and tortures, and declared that cruel treatment would be severely punished. The same declarations were made in the law of the vilayets, with added remarks about the necessity of making the conditions of prison life hygienic; and in 1876 the Vali, among the duties relative to the execution of reforms, was charged with the organization and administration of the prisons. In the Reforms granted October 20, 1895, Article 25 reads, "The existing regulations concerning the management of the prisons and of the houses of detention shall be strictly carried out." Yet during Bahri Pasha's administration in Van one mode of getting rid of the Armenians, who were thrust wholesale into prison along with Kurds and Turks of the worst sort, was to offer some one of the brigand Kurds his freedom if he would stir up a mêlée and kill certain ones of the Armenians. Copper kettles sitting about with food in them, or anything else that could be used as a weapon, would be hurled at the heads of the intended victims. Care was taken that the Kurds should be in the majority, and the victory was always theirs. The ease with which such methods of reducing the population can be resorted to is apparent at once when one knows that it is the custom to shut up so many prisoners in one small room, with loopholes for windows, that there is not even a chance to put down beds. If the one small room is used as dining-room and sewage-room, as well as sleeping and living apartment, the problem is, for how many weeks and months can the average human being resist a conquest by microbes? There is also the practice of solitary confinement in extra heavy chains when a man is unusually stubborn in refusing to swear to a lie. During the government's attempt to punish revolutionary efforts in the vilayet of Sivas, one ignorant man from a country village was kept in solitary confinement for some time before he was called up for examination. His name was read several times, but whenever he was summoned his examination was postponed, until he had spent six months in prison—one hundred and five days of the time in solitary confinement, and twenty-five days of the one hundred and five in double chains. Finally no foundation for a trial was discovered. This is the manner in which the Committee of Preliminary Inquiry discharges its duty of ordering the immediate examination of all prisoners, or of setting at liberty at once "those whose conduct does not entail punishment by law." This case also illustrates the prompt manner in which the Judge of Instruction does the work of an American Grand Jury in examining complaints and deciding whether there is a case or not.

The torments and tortures are varied. It is common to throw the iron collar about a man's neck so that he must either stand on tiptoe or hang by his neck. When more extreme measures are necessary a few hundred stripes are given. Turn to the Blue-Books on Turkey for 1895 if you wish to know how Sassunlis were treated in the prison of Bitlis. Nevertheless, in March, 1895, the Sultan told Sir Philip Currie that it was impossible that men should have been beaten in prison, for he was a humane man, and had even abolished corporal punishment in the army, in which respect he was far in advance of the English. In the winter a man may be stripped, laid out on the snow, and water may be poured over him and allowed to freeze. At other times hot coals are put on the naked body, or hot irons, or flesh is pinched off with pincers. Among the punishments of a criminal supposed to be inflicted on him by law is forced labor in the prisons; but in reality no such labor is ever required. It is expected that criminals and prisoners awaiting trial will be stowed away in separate apartments, but in fact all are herded together, or the man who can pay the jailer the largest backsheesh secures the best single room, the declaration of the Sultan to the contrary notwithstanding. During the government's attempt to secure revolutionists, women were detained weeks, and even months, without trial, but were usually given separate rooms, and were even allowed to have their children with them.

The government of late years has seldom inflicted death by hanging. When it was desirable to get rid of an individual it was not necessary to bring him to trial, for a secret dose of poison would put an end to complications; or more cruel measures would be resorted to, as in the case of Maksabedian of Van, who had been painfully mutilated, as the physician discovered in making an examination before the burial. Shall we continue to defend the Turkish government, and to condemn her subjects, both Turks and Christians, because they are discontented?

The police work of the empire is in the hands of policemen in the towns and cities, and of the gendarmerie in the country. That is, the gendarmerie—or zabtiehs, as they are called (rural policemen)—are to keep the roads free from highway robbers, accompany the post, hunt out criminals, form cordons in time of cholera, and do any other work that is detailed by the Vali through the Ali Bey or chief. Heretofore they received the same pay as regular soldiers; but the new provisions allow greater pay, and ordain that the men shall be selected from among the people in proportion to the whole number of Mussulmans and non-Mussulmans in the vilayet. They are organized into companies and regiments, and are under the supervision of the Minister of War. The recent recommendations of the powers also suggested that the men be detailed for duty to places other than their homes, and the massacres showed the necessity of such arrangements; for the gendarmes, in protecting some of the foreign premises, intimated that they did not wish to fire into members of their own families in case an attack was made on the property of the foreigners. Even in 1875 the laws insisted that the zabtiehs should be chosen from among honorable persons, and those enjoying the confidence of the inhabitants of each locality. But who supposes that the good intentions of the laws have been fulfilled? Ask the Turks of many a district whether they put full confidence in the gendarmes, and they will answer you with a curse, for they remember the food and forage forced from their meagre stores, and the general rough handling they have had from the zabtiehs. On the other hand, the Kurds consider the gendarmes quite decent fellows, for they seldom go around to inquire about sheep stolen in the night from a neighboring sheep-pen, or farm premises entered, or grain carried off. But the consulates of Asia Minor have their scores and hundreds of petitions from the poor people, who are robbed of this or that property, until nothing of their earthly possessions is left. Particularly after the Sassun affair the Kurds and Turks felt a liberty to do what they liked to the Christian population, for the government had practically said, "One, two, three—ready—go!" Yet the penal code rewards such wholesale robbers and midnight plunderers with forced labor for life, or for fifteen years at the least.

If good laws alone could insure the well-being of a people, the British consul at Erzerum would not have had such a pitiful story to tell of the people in Keghi, who were beaten and bullied about by an officer and a few zabtiehs in tax-collecting time. Neither would the inhabitants of Guemerek have closed their church last summer in wrath because soldiers defiled their place of worship. Not even would the gendarmes forcibly quarter themselves on the wretched peasantry, Turks and Christians alike, and use up the barley and few winter stores. For it is written that "whoever hinders exercise of religion and of religious ceremonies shall be given from a week to three months' imprisonment"; that military people "lodging with the inhabitants of a place on their way to some destination shall not take things by force," such as forage, food, etc., and that the inhabitants may complain at once to the Vali if the police attempt to get their living out of the people, and the offenders shall be punished. Public functionaries receiving over the amount due in collecting the taxes are to be punished with imprisonment. Again, the commanders of public forces, the agents of the police, are threatened with imprisonment if, in the execution of their functions or orders from superiors, they shall use violence against persons in a manner to compromise their honor or to occasion them corporal sufferings contrary to the forms prescribed by the laws and regulations. Had the law been enforced last summer, when the Guemerek people had trouble to meet the demands of the tax-gatherers, they would not have been told, insultingly, "Bring out your women and girls to us, then, if you will not pay your taxes!" Nor would Vice-Consul Hampson have had such bad stories to relate of the Mush vilayet, where the fiend Reshid Effendi dragged the women out of their beds at night and beat and tortured the men well because they told their trials to the consul. Nor yet would there be deaths every year in the villages caused by injuries received from the blows, scourgings, and wounds given by the gendarmes during the collection of taxes, since the modification to Article 177 of the penal code says that death inflicted unintentionally by beating will be punished with five years' hard labor at the least.

But while we are condemning these direct agents of misery, we must remember that the men who farm the taxes, who buy up the titles village by village, are sometimes Christians—men who go into the work for the money they can get out of it, and care not a ha'penny for the sufferings of their coreligionists. One man, a Christian, in the Gurun region, cleared $20,000 in a few years, while in the vineyard districts of Malatia and Marsovan it is a usual occurrence to so far overestimate the yield of grapes as they hang on the vines as to put into the hands of the tax-purchaser sixteen, twenty-five, or thirty-three per cent. of the actual product. It is hard to tell how much blame should be attached to the farmer in these manipulations, but that to the government there belongs the larger share of censure is not to be doubted, since it allows such work to go on, and its agents have made more oppressive assessments in the last dozen years than formerly. Also, by sending out three sets of men—the first set to make assessments, and the next two companies to see that the valuation and apportionment have been just—the government says to the world that it will shoulder all responsibility for just or unjust action.

The provision of the law allowing the payment of many taxes in sixteen instalments facilitates the growth of oppression by permitting the zabtiehs to lay the rod over the people so frequently. In a letter to the British ambassador at Constantinople the consul at Erzerum says, "The gendarmes have hardly returned from beating up the arrears of the past year, when they are sent back to the same village with orders to collect the verghi tax for the year just begun." Although the Hatti Humayoun declared that taxes were to be collected without distinction of class or religion, and the system of direct collection was to be substituted as fast as possible for farming of the revenues, the impracticability of trying to enforce the last provision in backwoods districts of Armenia, where the means of transportation are so primitive, became apparent with the first attempts, so that the modification made by the Sultan in October last was confined to the limitation of sale to districts no larger than the villages.

The law also says that collection of taxes is to be wholly separated from the work of the police; yet we know the bane of the subject's life is the police visitation in tax-collecting time. Among the wretched and homeless Sassunlis last summer who were dependent on the Relief Commission for daily bread, Reshid Effendi seized the few oxen and sheep, and sold them at $1 50 or $2 per head to get the taxes due. Even in the midst of the general business paralysis in Asia Minor last year came the demand for advance taxes, because the government was trying to sweep every para into the capital. And now, in some of the districts where relief in money has been given to the sufferers from the massacres and pillage, government agents have appeared at once and demanded the money in payment of taxes, so that food and clothing are given to the starving and naked, rather than money with which to make their own purchases.

Although a modification of the tax of exoneration from military service was promised in the regulations of 1876, the substitution tax in the six provinces, at least, has steadily increased, until it amounts to a sum that in America would be equal to $30 per head yearly for adults. And although freedom from the tax was promised to children and old men, yet the full tax as often as possible has been exacted from every male, no matter what his age. Life with such taxes is made more bearable by the communal system, by which the sum to be paid by the community is assessed, and the rich men pay more than their share in order to help the poor families to carry their burdens. Many Christians make a practice of evading the registration laws whenever possible, of failing to notify the authorities of the birth of a son, and of thus lightening the family burdens. It may be added here that in some of the answers of the Sultan last summer he refused the demand in the ambassadors' recommendations that the bedel-i-askerie, or substitution tax, should not be paid by Christians during service in the gendarmerie.

I have already referred to the story, in one of the last Blue-Books, of Keghi, near Erzerum, where beds and seed for next year's crops were seized and taken off by the gendarmes. Nor is the case parallel with that of the Egyptian fellaheen, who endured hundreds of strokes of the lash rather than pay the taxes exacted by the government, although he had the ready money with which to satisfy the collector. Never has there been any such amount of stubborn resistance on the part of the Armenians or of the Turks, who have more frequently stooped to bribe officials than they have risked the results of opposition, except in the case of the Zeitunlis.

Along with the prohibition of farming the tithes, the ambassadors recommended the abolition of forced labor on public works—a suggestion that was accepted by the Sultan, for it had already been embodied in the laws of his uncle, Abdul Assiz. It was but lately, however, that the Turks of Marsovan were forced to labor on a new school building, and in another part of Anatolia Turks appealed to a foreigner to intercede for them because they were compelled to work on the roads; while in Samsun, last November, Turks and Christians alike were beaten when they objected to carting ammunition and guns into the country, over mountains and through snowstorms, without any hope of pay. Indeed, it seems necessary in the present financial straits of the government to re-establish the corvée with more than the old rigor, for there is little money to spend in the provinces. Such is the outlook for one line of reforms. Timothy Pitkins.

CARDINAL SATOLLI.

BY DR. EDWARD A. PACE.

"Who is your instructor?" Leo XIII. once asked a student of the American College in Rome. "Satolli," was the reply. "Ah!" said the Pope; "Satolli. I have known him from his childhood." The venerable speaker had in mind the days at Perugia, when, as Archbishop Pecci, he had welcomed to his seminary the lad who afterwards became his favorite pupil. Born at Marsciano in 1837, Francis Satolli began his clerical studies at the age of thirteen, was ordained priest in 1862, and pursued post-graduate courses in Rome until 1870. For several years he was a lecturer on Church history in the Benedictine monastery of Monte Casino, but in 1875 he returned to the diocese of Perugia, and became pastor in his native village.

Cardinal Pecci had always been a student of St. Thomas Aquinas, and when he ascended the papal throne as Leo XIII. one of his first cares was to restore the Thomistic system of philosophy and theology. With this end in view, he issued, in 1879, the encyclical *Æterni Patris*, and inaugurated the neo-scholastic movement in the Roman schools by appointing Professor Satolli to the chair of Theology in two leading institutions. At the *Collegio Urbano* Satolli had a cosmopolitan audience—students from the national colleges of the United States, Canada, Ireland, Greece, and Armenia, besides those who were gathered, under the direction of the Propaganda, from every quarter of the globe. In the Apollinare, the diocesan seminary of Rome, he addressed the young clerics who were destined in time to assume the parochial cares of the city, and possibly to administer the affairs of the Universal Church. His lectures, in a word, were given, as the well-known phrase expresses it, *Urbi et Orbi*—to Rome and to the world.

Such an academic environment was congenial. Satolli was earnest in his work, and easily aroused the enthusiasm of his students. Younger men just entering his class were impressed by his seriousness and energy; they recognized the master. As time wore on they saw behind the severe externals of the scholastic the qualities of heart that made him their friend. Metaphysician he certainly was, but his eloquence and his command of the Latin tongue lent a charm to abstruse speculation.

American students found him sympathetic. Under his influence they developed certain traits which had not always been recognized, or at least had not been properly understood. Satolli understood them, and gave them a prominent part both in the regular exercises and in those more solemn disputations at which the Holy Father presided. In other days the Popes had been accustomed to visit in person the different colleges. Stress of circumstances obliged Leo XIII. to gather the students around him in the Vatican, and on such occasions it was a pleasure for him to lay aside the graver duties of his office, and encourage the young debaters by his presence.

Satolli also made it a point to study the Americans in their home life by frequently visiting the college in the *Via dell' Umiltà*. Here he saw that their love of freedom was entirely compatible with the spirit of discipline, and that the principles of manliness and honor which the local superiors inculcated were the best safeguards of rule. He found that his own efforts as a teacher were ably seconded by the energetic measures which the rector adopted to secure earnestness on the part of the students and stimulate them to better grades of work. He appreciated especially the brilliant qualities of Mgr. O'Connell, and in conversation with him got a clearer and wider view of the Church in this country—its growth, its conditions, and its needs.

Meantime new duties had fallen to the lot of Professor Satolli, and new honors had rewarded his labors. As rector of the Greek College, and subsequently as President of the College for Noble Ecclesiastics, in which young clerics are trained for the diplomatic service, he gave proof of practical abilities no less marked than those which had won him repute as a teacher. In the midst of these occupations he found time to publish quite a series of works on Logic, Theology, and Ecclesiastical Law; to assist other eminent scholars in founding the "Roman Academy of St. Thomas Aquinas"; to take part in the labors of various Congregations; and to preach the Lenten sermons at several of the principal churches in the city. The result was that, in 1888, he was consecrated Titular Archbishop of Lepanto. The position did not bring with it any burden of pastoral duties, but it fitted Mgr. Satolli for an important mission with which he was charged in 1889.

A century had elapsed since the establishment of the American hierarchy. In Baltimore, the first of the Episcopal sees, some eighty bishops had gathered for the centenary celebration, and Satolli appeared in their midst as the Pope's representative. The occasion was an object-lesson for him. It brought him into personal contact with men who had built up and were still building up the most vigorous Catholicism in the freest of all lands, fostering and making fruitful, amid the environments of a progressive civilization, the same faith which in other countries existed under such different conditions. The impression was not lost. It found eloquent utterance in Satolli's discourse, pronounced shortly after, at the opening of the Catholic University. To his mind the founding of such a school was fresh evidence of the enterprise and hopefulness which characterize American Catholics. He realized its necessity, sympathized with its aims, and foresaw its success. It was the crowning of what had been accomplished in the past, and the promise of better things for the future.

His visit to the United States occasioned a short interruption of his academic work; but this he resumed at once on returning to Rome. During the three years that followed he was naturally a close observer of events that took place in this country. He was in a position to throw light on problems which grew out of the peculiar circumstances of the American Church. And when the Pope, in 1892, had reached a definite solution of those problems, he again selected Mgr. Satolli as his envoy. Early in January, 1893, the envoy was appointed Apostolic Delegate. The office was purely ecclesiastical, for the simple reason that diplomatic relations did not exist between the Holy See and our government. And as no evidence has so far appeared to show that such relations were quietly contemplated behind the turmoil of the political campaign, it is easy to understand why neither the republic as a whole nor any of its cherished institutions has betrayed symptoms of decay since the Papal Delegation was established in Washington.

It is none the less true that the Pope had "designs." He designed, in the first place, to strengthen the Church organization by sending a Delegate, vested with special powers, to a country which he could not visit in person. And as the Pope is the recognized source of authority in the Catholic Church, it was but natural that his representative should claim and obtain from Catholics obedience and respect. On the other hand, the Delegation served a practical purpose. Experience had shown that appeals taken to Rome in ecclesiastical trials involved delay, because of both distance and deliberation. To have such matters adjusted by a tribunal that was near at hand, and that could appreciate our special conditions while it acted with the authority of Rome, was undoubtedly an advantage. The immediate benefit was reaped, of course, by those within the Church; but, in a certain sense, the country at large was a gainer. At least it was neither an offence nor a threat that Rome offered our national institutions when she sent hither a Delegate for the express purpose of studying those institutions and giving them a larger consideration in every measure that affected the religious interests of Catholic citizens.

In the performance of his official duties Mgr. Satolli was assured of Pope Leo's approbation and support. But he was anxious, moreover, for the good-will of the American people. Hence, setting aside his instinctive love of retirement and speculative study, he has visited all sections of the country, and acquired a practical knowledge not only of ecclesiastical matters, but also of the feelings, tendencies, and customs that are the real basis of our national life, though they are often overlooked by casual observers. He has not thought fit to "put us in a book," but he has repeatedly expressed his sympathy with the best elements of our civilization, and with our endeavor to attain the noble ends for which the republic was founded. For mere diplomacy such utterances might have sufficed; Satolli has shown that he meant what he said. Straightforward in his actions, he has been prudent in the exercise of unusual power, giving an example of moderation, and preferring conciliatory methods wherever conciliation was possible. With a character already formed, he has adapted himself thoroughly to his new environment. Nor did he, in conforming to the usages and language of the country, imagine that he was giving proof of extraordinary virtue. Common-sense told him that if it was worth his while to live in America, he might as well live and feel as an American. And he was practical enough to see that such assimilation is a small price to pay for the freedom which is here accorded to religion, as well as to the development of man's best energies.

In view of these facts, fair-minded people of all creeds have found it possible to respect the man for what he really is. Leo XIII. had won favorable opinions on this side of the Atlantic; it was natural that his Delegate should be regarded with a certain interest. While the peculiar duties of his office were not generally understood, it was somehow expected that Mgr. Satolli would faithfully carry out the wishes of the Pope. No one, therefore, was greatly surprised that the encyclical *Longinqua*, issued in January, 1895, should contain an out-and-out approbation of the course pursued during two years by the Delegate. But encyclicals are weighty documents --condensations of mature thought carefully expressed. Their full significance, in spite of translation and circulation, is not always grasped by every reader. The public at large has a keener appreciation for facts.

In due time the facts came. Just a year from the date of the encyclical Mgr. Satolli received the insignia of a Cardinal in the Baltimore Cathedral. The first to offer him their congratulations were the bishops, many of whom he had met in the same church seven years before. A larger circle of distinguished people attended the reception given in his honor at the university a few days later. Throughout the country his promotion created a favorable impression, as it was evident proof that his mission, though delicate, had been a success.

The College of Cardinals is the Senate of the Roman Pontiff. When complete it numbers seventy members, but in reality there are always some vacancies. This body is divided into "Congregations," each of which is charged with a special branch of church government. The Cardinals, moreover, are the advisers of the Pope, and consequently deal with a multitude of problems growing out of the varied and complex conditions of the Church in different countries. But the most important function of the Sacred College is the election of the Pope. So many considerations affect this choice that it is practically useless to speculate about the result of the "conclave." It is noteworthy, however, that the successor of Leo XIII. may be any one of those who now hold the cardinalitial rank.

The interest attaching to Cardinal Satolli's elevation is enhanced by the fact that he was the first Apostolic Delegate to the United States. The immediate reason for his promotion was the service he rendered the Church by his work in our midst. Representatives of the Pope in some European countries are so regularly advanced to the Cardinalate that these nunciatures are known as "Cardinalitial posts." Their incumbents are schooled in Old World diplomacy. Their contact with the people is mediate. Cardinal Satolli is in touch with democracy; he has met all classes of Americans. A friend of the people, he has become a "prince of the Church."

How long his Eminence will remain in this country is uncertain. But there can be no doubt that his experience here will strengthen his position in Rome. And the use of his influence at the centre of Catholicism will show that he is truly an American Cardinal.

OUR SWEDISH FELLOW-CITIZENS.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

There are almost half a million Swedes in this country, but though they are scattered over the entire nation, their numbers attract attention only in the Northwest and in what I may call the northern West. In Chicago, St. Paul, and Minneapolis they are so numerous as to live in "colonies" or districts, and are met with in the public offices as policemen, mechanics, and small tradesmen. Travellers by train sometimes see apparently none but Swedes at certain stations in Minnesota and both of the Dakotas, where thousands of them are farmers. They are not all yellow-haired and flattish-faced, and yet it is of these characteristics that one thinks in thinking of the race. Oftentimes the cast of a Swedish face is pure Teutonic. Then it is by the brogue that they betray their nationality. It is such a peculiar and marked broken English which they speak that we wonder no literary Lochinvar has yet come out of the West with any studies of their ragged speech, especially since the Swedes now form entire communities, and lead very interesting—though eminently practical—lives among the rest of the Americans-by-transplantation who are building up the western edge of the prairie and all of our imperial plains.

The stage has taken up the Swede already, and one actor—I think there is also a second—draws crowded houses to plays that, after all, mirror nothing that is peculiarly Swedish except the long-skirted, straight-lined draperies of the immigrants and their soft, disjointed efforts at English speaking. The story-tellers in the Western clubs and among the commercial travellers and railway passenger agents out West have also turned the Swede to great account in a rich repertory of comical anecdotes and dialect stories. In all these stories the pronoun I is drawn out into a broad "aa" or "ay," and the vowel i is similarly treated. "Th" becomes the letter "d," and our harsh j is invariably softened into y. The Norwegians, who cannot understand spoken Swedish, talk English precisely as the Swedes do.

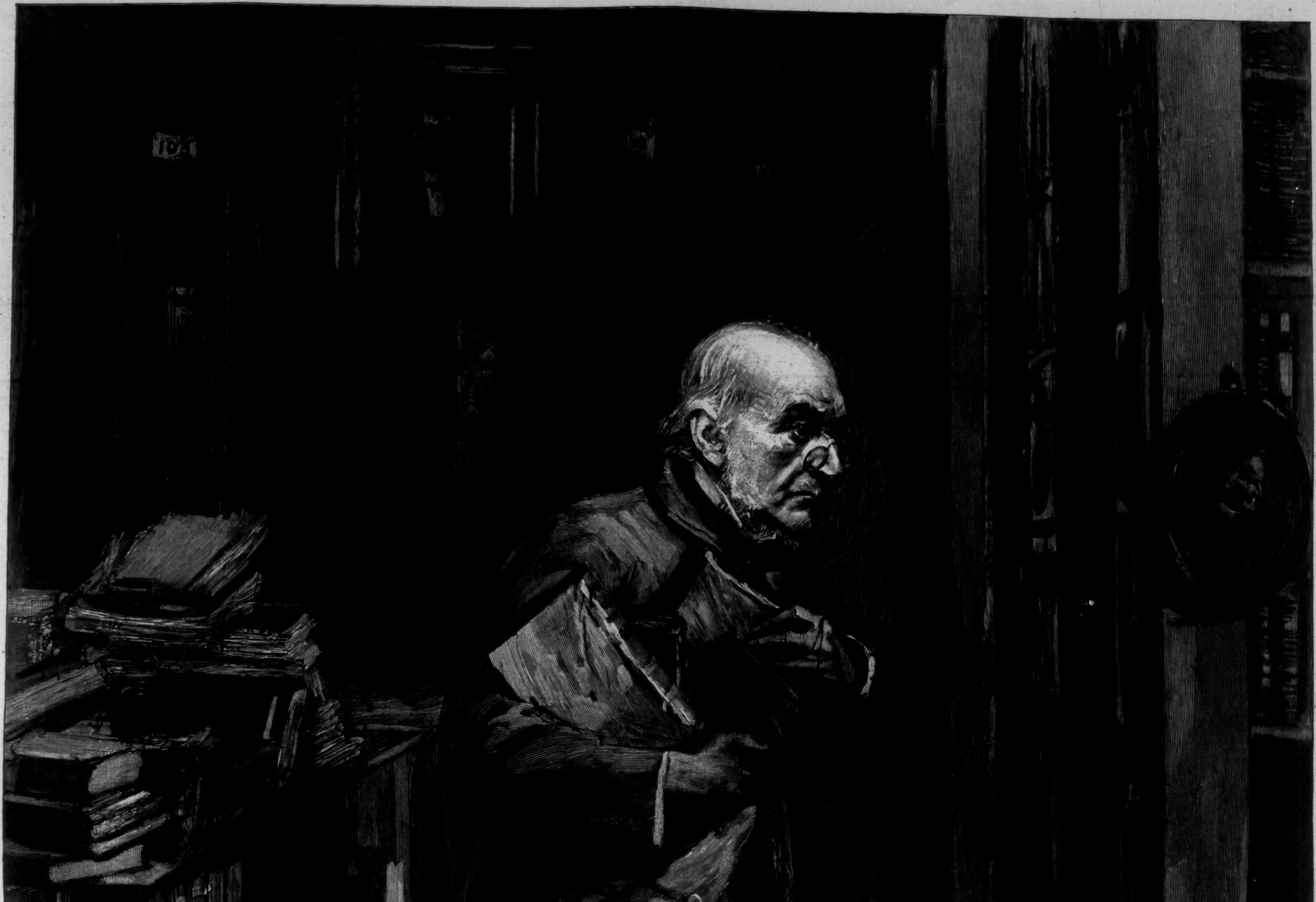
"Ay ben dis coontry famteen yahr," a Norway man is supposed to say, "and all er tame ay ben call'd gol durn son gun Swede. And all er time ay ben Nor-r-way-jun."

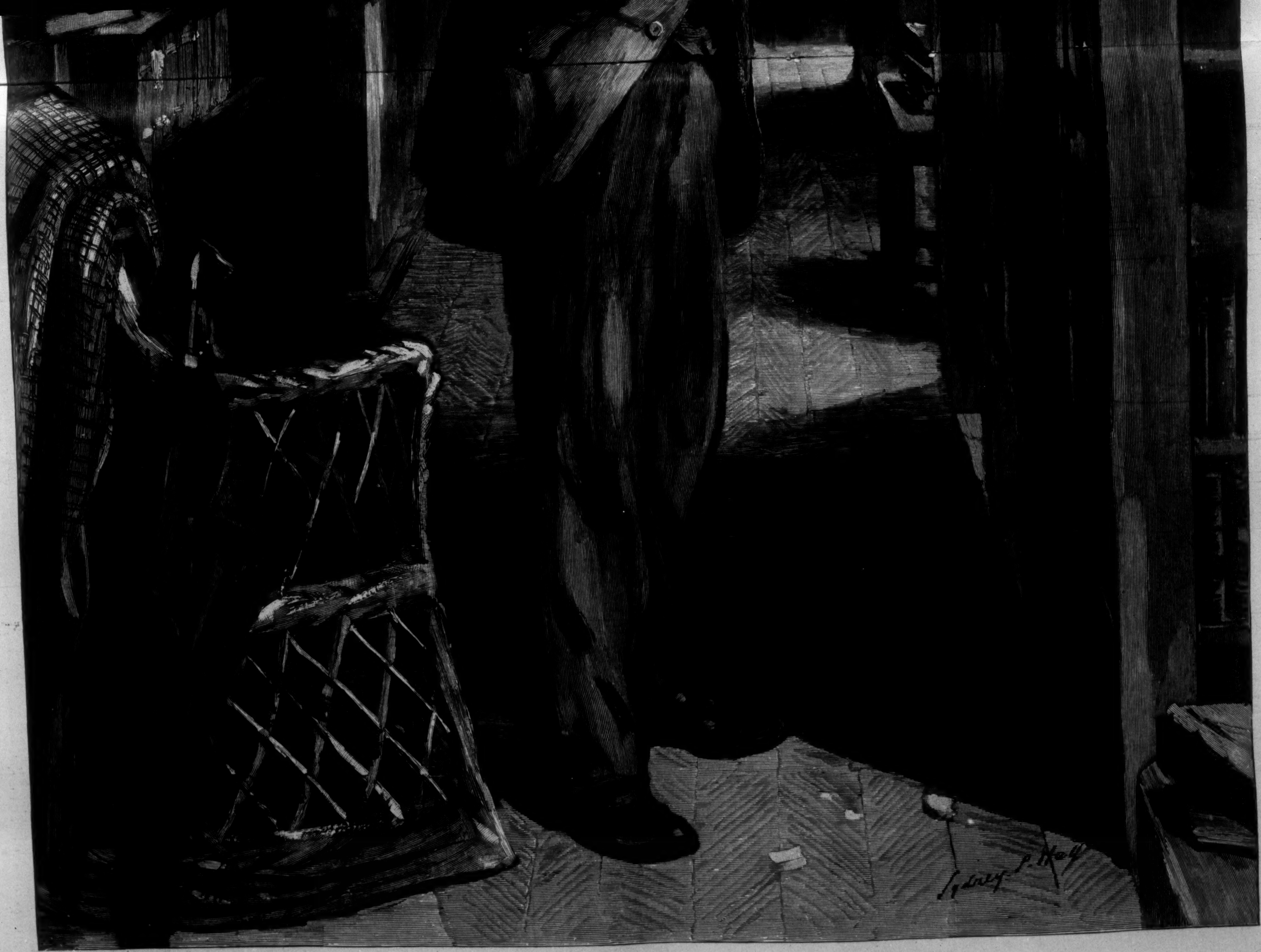
The tale is told of two Swedes who ran to catch a departing ferry-boat. One stepped easily from the wharf to the boat, but the other jumped, missed the vessel, and fell into the water. "Good mon, Ole," said the lucky one, shouting to the other; "ay dank you make it in two yumps."

"Bossa," a Swedish lumberman is supposed to say to his foreman, "ay dank ay want nudder mon."

"Another man?" the foreman replies. "Why, I sent an extra man to help you half an hour ago."

"Yes, bossa; dat mon went under de logs in river. Ay waited famteen minute an' he no coom back. Ay dank




Sydney P. Hall

"PEACE AFTER TOIL"—MR. GLADSTONE IN ST. DEINIOL'S LIBRARY AT HAWARDEN.—DRAWN FROM LIFE BY SYDNEY P. HALL.—[SEE PAGE 426.]

he yumped de yob. Bossa, please, ay dank ay want nudder mon."

These and nearly all the other stories concerning the Americanized Swede portray him as a stolid, phlegmatic, unfeeling, and sordid man, quite beyond the pale of sympathy, if not of kindly interest. I am told that they do him injustice. Phlegmatic he is to an astonishing degree, and somewhat stern and cold, and very practical. But he is a kind husband, a loving father, and an extra dutiful son and brother; so that it is not logical to declare him lacking in humanity. Wherever the Swedes are numerous all the other peoples speak of them as very good citizens. They have the reputation of being sober, law-abiding, industrious, thrifty, religious, and ambitious. They are very clannish, but they seem to band together for no worse purposes than to help one another along, and to contribute both generally and generously to the support of their churches, schools, and colleges.

The last census credits Chicago with 43,000 Swedes, but the kindly proprietor of the *Svenska Tribunen*, Mr. Chaiser, informs me that there are now more than 70,000 Swedes there, in his opinion. They maintain sixty-two religious organizations in that city: fourteen evangelical Lutheran churches, sixteen Swedish mission ("Mission Friends") churches, fourteen Methodist, eleven Baptist, and a Congregational church, five Salvation Army barracks, and one unclassified mission. The great majority of the church-goers are allied with either the Lutheran (state) Church or its offshoot, the Mission Friends sect. It is a question whether half the Swedes in Chicago are connected with any churches. "They are too religious to join any," said one of their editors, himself a Swedenborgian. What is called the "European Sunday" is well observed by the Swedes; that is to say, that whether they go to church or not in the morning, they spend the remainder of the day in the parks and picnic gardens, enjoying idleness, rest, music, and lager-beer. In the evenings, back in the city, they are entertained by cards and dancing—two forms of enjoyment that are frowned upon by the strictest of the Lutherans, however.

The Swedes are very strong in the Good Templar organization. In Minnesota they are so numerous in this temperance guild that they have organized a district lodge embracing the whole State, under the Grand Lodge of the order. They aim to do the same thing in Massachusetts, where there are twelve or thirteen Swedish lodges, and in the Dakotas those of them who favor total abstinence from intoxicating liquors have carried both States for the Prohibition ticket; that is to say, theirs was the strongest force behind that policy. In Massachusetts the Swedes are factory operatives; in the Dakotas they are farmers. The liberal Swedes who display a fondness for dancing also enjoy theatrical performances. They have no single theatre in America, but in Chicago, St. Paul, Minneapolis, New York, Boston, Worcester, San Francisco, Denver, and Omaha they more or less frequently give dramatic performances in hired theatres and halls, the performers being generally amateurs. There are several Swedish actors in the country, but they play in English and German, or gather amateurs around them and play in Swedish. In Chicago during 1894 there were a dozen or twenty such exhibitions. I could not find a Swede who had ever known of a performance of any of Ibsen's plays by his countrymen in America.

The Swedes who are here are nearly all from the poorer classes at home. They or their parents were petty merchants and farmers. Of the great number of young Swedish women who are at work all over this country as house servants, not nearly all are solitary immigrants. A very great many came over with their parents, who are established as farmers in the country or as mechanics in the cities, and some are American born. The Swedish men with whom I have talked say very proudly that these rosy, vigorous, even-tempered girls marry very quickly and well. A large fraction of the Swedish immigrants are university graduates, who are turned out of the colleges at home in numbers too great for the demand for their services in the professions they mean to follow. In consequence there are a great many Swedish physicians and druggists, dentists and ministers, here, and not a few civil engineers, some of whom hold responsible positions under great corporations.

The Swedes here are engaged in all the branches of retail trade and in nearly all the mechanical trades. Few have found the capital required for interest in wholesale trade, and yet a number are manufacturers. In Rockford, Illinois, especially, there are several Swedish furniture-making companies, which are to some extent co-operative. But the Swedes are principally farmers in Minnesota, Illinois, the Dakotas, and Kansas. They have lately begun settlements in Mississippi, perhaps the richest State prospectively among those that possess great tracts of cheap and productive land; but the warm, moist, and, in places, malarial climate is not to the Swedish liking. There is thought to be more likelihood of Swedish colonization in Texas, whither many are now drifting. They like the wheat region best; and Illinois, Minnesota, and Wisconsin (the Dakotas also, if they can be irrigated) will be the scene of their best development.

Thus far they have proved hard-working and thrifty. They pay as they go, preferring to earn first and spend afterward, though in almost all stages of their work here they seem to insist upon living comfortably. In politics they are Republicans, and have been since the first ones came here in large numbers. They have always shown sufficient interest in public affairs to vote, and it is only of late years that politicians and place-holders have developed among them. Some are found now in office in all the State and city governments where there are large numbers of their people. The politicians are now forming them into Swedish Republican Leagues in Illinois, Kansas, and Minnesota, for the purpose of influencing all who can do so to take out naturalization papers, as well as in order that the political machines can utilize their votes *en bloc*. The Swedes have been misled into sharing an interest in the un-American A.P.A. movement. Two years ago, especially, they gave strength to this bigotry in Minnesota, the Dakotas, and Kansas; but they are now dropping their connection with the movement. They are not given to joining morbid or sudden freak movements as a rule. They are very conservative. Still, their surroundings cannot help but affect them, and so, in Colorado, we find Swedes afflicted with the free-silver mania. They are the ignorant ones who were caught by the word "free," which has an especial charm in Swedish ears. Outside of Colorado, in the main, they are for hard money. The Swedes have had newspapers in their own language in this country ever since the first one was established in 1854. The *Swedish Republican*, of Galva, Illinois, is said to have been the first Republican journal. The Swedish newspapers have been of some harm to their readers, in keeping them in the use of their language and in causing them to continue a greater interest in the most trifling news of the old country. Eighty periodicals cater to the Swedish tastes in literature—a great fondness for poetry, and only a slightly less regard for romances.

Swedes are well represented in the membership of the great secret and benevolent societies. They are Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythias, Foresters, and members of other orders. They have a Swedish Guard in Chicago, and a company in one of the militia regiments of Brooklyn, New York. They maintain two hospitals in Chicago—the Augustana Hospital, Lutheran, but open to every one, is a completely equipped institution, occupying a fine new five-story and basement stone edifice. The Barmhertighets-Hemmet, the hospital of the Mission Friends, is also open to all. Other Swedish hospitals are in St. Paul, Omaha, and one or two other Western towns.

Their best colleges are the Augustana College and Theological Seminary of Rock Island, Illinois; the Gustavus Adolphus College of St. Peter, Minnesota; and the Bethany College of Lindsborg, Kansas. By the decree of King Oscar all graduates of these colleges are admitted, without examination, to the two great royal universities of Upsala and Lund in Sweden. The other Swedish-American colleges are the Luther College, newly founded in Chicago, and the also young Upsala College in Brooklyn. The Swedish Baptists have a theological school in Chicago, and the Swedish Methodists maintain such a school at Evanston, Illinois, the one in connection with the Chicago University, the other related to the Northwestern University.

The Scandinavians form a third of the population of Minnesota, and the Swedes make up one sixth of the State population. The present Secretary of State is a Swede; so was the last Assistant Secretary of State. There were seven or eight Swedes in the last Legislature, including two Senators. They are represented in the Common Councils of all the larger cities, and some are to be found in office in almost every county. The Minnesotan Swedes are mainly farmers, however. The counties of Chisago, Goodhue, and Isanti are full of Swedish husbandmen, and in each of these counties are towns and villages that are almost wholly Swedish. In Chisago City, Chisago County, and in Centre City in the same county, the Swedes have built large settlements and form very large Lutheran congregations. These are old settlements, and the old country ways prevail there to-day. There one may still see many women in the severe Swedish dress, wearing silk kerchiefs on their heads and wooden sabots or clogs on their feet. These do not all speak English. It is said of them that the first step in Americanization that they take is to purchase a hat or bonnet. These still Swedish Swedes still carry their hymn-books to church done up in white linen handkerchiefs, and the church services, always in the Swedish tongue, are just what the worshippers were used to in the father-land.

Because of the tenacity with which their elders cling to European dress and custom, the young and the old are growing apart. The fact has been discussed constantly of late in the Swedish papers and at the Synod, and it is coming to be the common opinion of the leaders that if the Lutheran Church wishes to keep the rising generation, it must start English missions. The first bold step was taken at Rockford, Illinois, a month ago, when the congregation of a Swedish Lutheran church resolved to abandon Swedish speech and Swedish books and call an English (speaking) preacher. In St. Paul and Minneapolis within the last year several churches have begun the practice of conducting each Sunday evening service in the English tongue. It is the Swedish Church and the Swedish press that have held back the people who still cling to the customs of the land they have left.

GENERAL CASEY AND THE CONGRESSIONAL LIBRARY.

The death of the late General T. L. Casey, at his desk, and the appointment as Superintendent of Construction of the Congressional Library of his assistant, Mr. Bernard R. Green, recall General Casey's devotion to the great Library Building.

Librarian Spofford, Senator Morrill, and General Casey were perhaps the three chief spirits who made the Library possible. Mr. Spofford spoke warmly of General Casey. They often met. The subject was of course always the same—the Library. They were together only two days before the death of the general, and somehow then the art feature, Mr. Spofford says, was uppermost in General Casey's mind. All the week the artists had been at work finishing their frescoes, Blashfield putting his circle of figures representing the nations around the upper dome, and Elihu Vedder stamping his genius on the wall of one of the principal corridors. The general spoke with much satisfaction of having secured, time after time, the services of as many as twenty-five of our leading artists for the mural decorations and for the figures. "But," continued Mr. Spofford, "he was interested in all the work." General Casey was greatly gratified that even with so great an aggregation of artists, at first unlooked for, he had yet come within the limits of his appropriation. "That," added Mr. Spofford, "was a stroke of genius. But he was a plummet-and-line kind of a man."

The successor of General Casey, Mr. Bernard R. Green, spoke of his "integrity, energy, quickness to decide upon a course, and promptness to pursue it." Probably in these qualities chiefly lay the power of the man to win the confidence of Congressmen toward any enterprise thought well of by him. Then, too, he seemed to be singularly gifted in foreseeing the demands of large enterprises, for as early as 1888 he submitted the estimates of the Library, within which the cost has come. Mr. Green also referred to the great achievement of General Casey in having sufficiently broadened the base of the Washington Monument for its present height, even after it had reached the height of one hundred and seventy-three feet.

General Casey was a gruff man at first to some men, but most people came finally to understand him as a thoroughgoing, hearty man, but hearty within the limitations of the military type. A reporter of a great New York daily went to his office a year or more ago to get some information concerning the Lydecker tunnel story, which was then rife. General Casey looked at the young man rather sternly at first, and the reporter expected but scant detail to follow.

"Come in, sir!" he exclaimed, in a tone of almost unpleasant command. The two doors of his office were open. The reporter was standing. The general, without a word, went to one door and closed it with the utmost precision; then he went to the other door and closed it with the same precision. The reporter was in doubt. The two were in the room alone. Coming up to the newspaper man, he pointed his index-finger straight at his eye, and said, "Sit down there, young man, and I'll tell you the ——st story you ever heard." And he did.

Although one of the busiest of men, he constantly lightened his toil with his fad of genealogy-hunting. It is somewhat curious how he pursued these researches. His desk stands closed in his Library office. It was there that he sat many an hour with the old Newport *Mercury* of years ago open wide before him. He would go back and back, pinning advertisement or local notice or what not, noting some occupation of collateral kindred from advertisements, or noting journeys by local notices. If he saw a notice of one having gone, for instance, to Richmond or New Orleans or San Francisco, he would follow the hunt by getting a paper from these cities; often he would find the arrival mentioned there. Thus little circle after little circle of research was completed.

W. E. C.

THE WORM WHICH TURNED.

BY J. T. WHEELWRIGHT.

In the criminal sessions of a court of a city the vicious, the weak, the intemperate, the "submerged," walk through from the gloomy outer rooms of detention to face a justice somewhat callous from long custom. Their offences are usually easily proved and as quickly punished, as they are the violent crimes of uncivilized man. Most of them have sinned against themselves; many against a neighbor; few against their neighbors collectively. The crimes which injure a whole community are the hardest to punish. Our complex civilization has developed a possibility that a man can do great evil to a great number of persons and yet evade punishment.

It is a common saying that there is one law for the rich and one for the poor; but this is not an accurate statement. A man high placed usually commits a complex modern crime. It requires the most skilful work of the machinery of prosecution, which was originally fashioned for the punishment of simple offences, to convict such a criminal; and, unlike the ordinary offender, such a man can usually employ the most skilful lawyers to contest with the government.

When further reflection shows that some of the sins which work great injury, such as malicious "backbiting" of one's neighbor and pitiless "nagging" of defenceless women, cannot be reached by justice, one looks at the sodden faces of the criminals at the bar with a keener sympathy.

Terence said, "I am a man, and nothing which pertains to man is foreign to me." John Wesley, on seeing an unfortunate going to execution, declared, "There, but for the grace of God, goes John Wesley."

With these great words in your mind, you will leave a criminal-court room with a deep feeling of pity for the wretched grist going through the mill, and a hearty appreciation of the good people who shaped your early life so that your failings are not of a kind which are punished in public.

One day, chancing to look in at the gloomy procession of criminals in the stuffy court-room, I was attracted by an indictment which the clerk was reading in a soft, lisping voice. The catalogue of destruction which the indictment set forth assorted ill with the mild, almost rabbit-like appearance of the man in the dock. It was an indictment for malicious mischief, and it charged that the defendant had, against the peace of the commonwealth, broken an assortment of crockery and glass which the proverbial bull let loose in a china-shop might look upon as a record performance. A whole dinner service, dozens of vases, lamps, tumblers, wineglasses by the score, china tea sets, and cut-glass decanters had, according to the indictment, met a common fate at the hands of the prisoner, Spilkins, in "a veritable crash of systems and a wreck of worlds."

The evidence for the prosecution was convincing and uncontradicted. On a Saturday night, just before the closing of the shop, Spilkins, a former employé, had thrown a large china umbrella-stand into the shop window, filled with the alluring display of a "marked-down sale."

Spilkins had no counsel, and in cross-examination he did not shine; but when the evidence for the prosecution was ended he asked if he might address the court and jury. Permission to do this was of course granted him.

Spilkins was a fair-haired little Englishman; his face was smoothly shaven, and his features small and without expression—a type of the inferior kind of English clerks, hopeless of advancement in life, and working till old age for a pitiful stipend. He was aroused now, however, and his brain was awakened to abnormal activity. He was fighting for liberty, and he had a story to tell.

"Your Honor, and gentlemen of the jury," he said, bowing respectfully,—"I worked for Mr. McPherson for five years, and I worked for him faithfully. He will not deny that. Once or twice during that time I may have drunk a drop too much, but, except for these times, I was sober as well as industrious. I am a married man, your Honor, and my wage was seven dollars a week. The hours are long in a Washington Street crockery-shop, gentlemen, for we keep open for the evening trade, and last Christmas-time the rush was great and the work hard.

"I did my best for Mr. McPherson all through the holiday season, in the hope that I should get a raise in pay at the beginning of the year. But when I went to my employer and asked for it, he replied that trade was dull, and that he had decided to cut down my pay to six dollars a week.

"I then gave him notice; for at my age, and after my long service with him, I thought that it was not right that my pay should be reduced. He owed me two weeks' wage when I left his employment, and he did not pay me. I was hunting for another place all the next week, and on Saturday I called for my pay. He asked me if I would not take it out in trade, and he finally persuaded me to take a lamp and a lemon-squeezer which I didn't need, with two pounds of tea, for a part of it. The next Saturday I called again, and he gave me a quarter of a dollar on account. This left him seven dollars in my debt. The next Saturday my rent was due, and me and my wife hadn't been able to get much ahead upon my princely salary, and I needed that seven dollars to make up the payment to my landlord. So I went in the evening to the store. Every one was busy, and a few crates of crockery had arrived and were unopened; and so, while I waited to get a chance to speak to Mr. McPherson, I helped one of the boys to unpack them. Finally, when the rush was over, and it was nearly time to shut up, I went up to Mr. McPherson and told him that my rent was due, and that I wished my pay. He looked at me, laughed in my face, and told me to leave his store.

"When I looked at his prosperous fat face, and thought of the difference between our lots, of the warm comfortable house and good supper which awaited him when he went home, and of the cold tenement, bare and wretched—except that I was provided with a lemon-squeezer by his kind forethought—and I remembered the hard landlord awaiting the rent money which Mr. McPherson was unlawfully withholding from me, I was filled with a burning sense of the injustice of the man, and without realizing what I was doing, I seized a china umbrella-stand near which I was standing, and threw it with all my might into the shop window. It was a mad, a foolish thing to do; I had no idea that one umbrella-stand could break so many articles. That is all I have to say, gentlemen of the jury."

There was a silence in the room; the shrewdest lawyer at the bar could hardly have made a more effective plea for the prisoner than the little man had spoken for himself. He was an exception to the old maxim, "He who pleads his own cause has a fool for a client." In the interest of the practical side of the profession, it must be said that exceptions to this rule are rare.

If there had been any possible way of punishing Mr. McPherson for his meanness, I am sure that every man in the court-room would gladly have seen it tried. The rude "Lynch law" administered by the clerk had, to be sure, mulcted the hard-hearted shopkeeper to the value of the broken crockery and glass; but as a result the clerk had been kept in jail for quite a length of time, and was even now in the hands of the judge and jury. But meanness and hardness of heart cannot be punished by indictment.

The jury brought in a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation for mercy, and the prisoner was released upon probation.

I left the court-room, relieved that poor Spilkins had been treated with mercy, but to save my life I could not dismiss him from my mind. There was something heroic in his short burst of rage, and something grand in the catapultic descent of the umbrella-stand into the nicely balanced dozens of shining wineglasses and the gorgeously decorated tea sets, which enthralled my imagination.

Spilkins seemed to me the type of the oppressed of all ages—bearing the yoke of the oppressor until patience was no longer a virtue, and then thrusting it aside to be for one glorious moment free; and yet this revolt, as have so many others before it, had led to imprisonment and loss of work and reputation.

The poor shop-worn creature arose with me in the morning and followed me about during the day—the man without a chance; the drudge without a hope. I was driven by this importunate phantom into becoming a philanthropist. I found out his address from the District Attorney; it happened that his wife had moved during his detention in jail to a lodging-house in a dark West End court. The landlady, when I called, told me that Spilkins was upstairs in the attic, but that Mrs. Spilkins had gone out to do chores. "A decent, honest woman, Mrs. Spilkins, and worth ten of that husband of hers. Oh yes," she said; "go up to him, sir, if you like."

Up the three gloomy flights I walked, and knocked upon a door. There was no reply. I knocked again; after a few moments a startled voice, as of one awakened from sleep-land, inquired, "What do you want?"

"To help you; let me in, and I will explain."

"I can't let you in; my wife has locked me in, and gone off with the key."

"Why, what's that for?"

"Even if I had the key, it wouldn't do me any good, for she has taken my trousers away with her. I'm out on probation, and she is going to see that I am kept out of harm's way. What do you want of me?"

"I want to help you, I say. I was present at your trial, and felt sorry for you."

"Oh, were you? Well, I don't see what you can do for me. Mrs. Spilkins says that she's going to look out for me in future. You see, she goes out doing chores."

"Oh! Very well; if you wish to communicate with me, I will leave my name and address with your landlady."

I found that person at the foot of the stairs awaiting my descent. There was a triumphant gleam in her eye which seemed to say, "Here at last is a lord of creation brought down to his proper level; locked up fast by his wife, who supports him by the sweat of her brow; and only renders assurance doubly sure by carrying the most indispensable articles of his scanty wardrobe with her."

"Did you speak with him, sir?" said the landlady.

I nodded assent, and gave her my card.

"Give Mrs. Spilkins this card when she comes in," I said. "I felt sorry for her husband, and wished to help him."

"Sorrow a bit of good you can do him, your Honor; he's past mendin'. It's out on probation he is after breaking a whole warehouse of china. His woman says that she's bound that he sha'n't get out of the house till the probation's over, for if he gets a taste of drink, who knows that there will be a whole pitcher or glass left in the city? He's a poor drunken mouse of a man, your Honor; a miserable worm with no spunk at all, and best off locked up in the attic; though for my part I don't see why he didn't go to jail and be done with it, and let the county feed him; and Mrs. Spilkins by the same token wouldn't have to be carrying his clothes with her wherever she goes. Thanks, your Honor. Good-day!"

And yet Spilkins had enjoyed one glorious moment of life.

THE GRAY MAN.*

BY S. R. CROCKETT,

AUTHOR OF "THE STICKIT MINISTER," "THE RAIDERS," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE DEVIL IS A GENTLEMAN.

BUT William Dalrymple was not to be so easily found. High and low he was sought for, but no trace of him was found. A girl had seen him taking the road to Cassillis, with the dust rising behind him, as was his wont. For he was the best runner in the school of Maybole, and he kept himself in fine practice with outrunning Rob Nickerson, the town's watchman.

So on a day Nell Kennedy and I rode out to Auchendrayne. At first we had it trysted to go by ourselves. But Dominie Muir said that he would come with us, "and wait in the hall if ye were asked to gang ben'," as he said.

"For they might put you and the lassie awa' and never think mair of it. But even John Muir and his son would think twice before they either sequestered or murdered the Dominie o' Maybole and the Clerk of the Kirk session thereof."

So, though his coming with us wearied us somewhat and hindered our discourse on the journey, it all turned out for the best in the end, as things that are bitter in the taking often are.

I was monstrously curious to see the tower of Auchendrayne and the surroundings of it. For there were strange rumors in the country-side of gangs of wild, savage folk that sometimes camped under the trees, and tales of horrid faces that might at any moment glower at you from the dark bole of a gnarled tree.

But this sunshiny day we that rode saw nothing but the leaves changing and clashing above us, and heard nothing but the sough and murmur of the Doon water beneath us. Auchendrayne is a place hidden among trees—set on a knoll, indeed, but with trees all about it, not conspicuous and far-regarding like the Newark or Culzean.

When first we saw it the gray battlements looked out of the greenery, basking as peacefully in the sun as though they had risen over the abode of some hermit and saint. We saw none of the customary stir and bustle of an habited house about the House of Auchendrayne. None ran to the office houses. None carried bundle or drove cattle about the home parks. It was a peace like that of a Sabbath. "A black devil's Sabbath!" said the Dominie, grimly. And, in truth, there was something not canny about thus coming to a dead and silent house, with the sun shining hot and the broad day all about and above.

Nor when we dismounted did any servant or retainer come forth to meet or challenge. We did not see so much as the flutter of a banner or the gleam of a steel cap. Only there about us was the silent court-yard, with the heat of noon trembling athwart it, and the paving-stones clean swept like the table before a feast is set.

I tied our horses to the iron ring of a louping-on stone which stood at the angle of the wall by the gate, thinking if only the foot-worn step could speak that it could tell a tale worth hearkening of strange venturings and bloody quests.

Also I loosened my sword, and I think I saw the Dominie also set his hand to his hip, ere Nell and I set forward together. We went up the steps of the outside stair, and as we did so we came within the hearing of a little continuous murmur of hoarse sound. The doors were all open, and we walked softly, and with our hearts in our mouths. For the silence and the strangeness of the strange House of Auchendrayne daunted me more than the clash of swords or the crack of pistols. But I had Nell Kennedy by me, and I would have gone to destruction's pit-mouth for her sake, because, saving my father and mother, she was the only friend I had.

Suddenly we came to the door of a great hall; there, at the upper end, was a table in the midst. The windows were narrow and high, throwing down a dim light upon the rush-strewn floor. There were many servants and others sitting in the hall, and at the further end there was one who read from a book. As soon as our eyes became accustomed to the cool duskiness after the equal glare without, I perceived that the reader was no other than John Muir himself. About him there sat all his servants and retainers, both men and women.

It was the crown of my astonishment to hear that the book from which he read was the Bible, and also that as he went on he made comments like a minister expounding his morning chapter, speaking very seasonably and fitly and with excellent judgment and sense. Or so it seemed to me, for I am not enough of a clerk to be a great judge of expositions, though my father has the two great leathern-bound volumes of Clerk Erasmus his Paraphrases on the shelf over the mantel. But though he is fond of these, he never rubbed any of his liking upon me.

But we were hearkening to the reading of John Muir in his own hall of Auchendrayne.

"'Fill ye up then the measure of your fathers,'" so he read from his place. "'Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell? Wherefore, behold I send unto you prophets, and wise men, and scribes; and some of them ye shall kill and crucify, and some of them shall ye scourge in your synagogues, and persecute them from city to city: that upon you may come all the righteous blood shed upon the earth, from the blood of righteous Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, son of Barachias, whom ye slew between the temple and the altar. Verily I say unto you, all these things shall come upon this generation.'"

Having read this word, which, knowing what I knew, I had thought would have made him sink through the earth with the fear of condemnation, he commented upon it, showing how it applied to such as refused the right gospel way and walked in devious courses, careless of God and man. Then he went on with his reading in the same clear and solemn voice, though he must have seen us stand in the hall door.

So soon as the reading was over, the great company of the retainers decently took their departure, walking out soberly and without hurry. Then came John Muir down from the dais, with the Bible yet in his hand, and welcomed us with a kindness that was quaint and uncanny.

"Ye have gotten us at our devotions, Mistress Helen, and you, Master Launcelot and Dominie Mure—my good cousin. You could not have found us better employed."

"Do ye believe what ye read?" said the Dominie, quickly.

"Whatever is a means to an end, that I believe in, even as you believe in your taws and birch twigs. The reading of Scripture threatenings makes quiet bairns, and so does the birch."

"What think ye of the blood of righteous Abel?" said the Dominie, with, methought, more boldness than discretion. "Will it cry from the ground, think ye?"

The Laird of Auchendrayne looked at the little Dominie as one might upon a fractious but entertaining bairn.

"It is a point much disputed. Ye had better ask Master Launcelot's friend Maister Robert Bruce, Minister of Edinburgh, if perchance his head be yet on his shoulders."

Which saying showed to me that John Muir knew more than I had given him the credit for.

Then he turned to Nell.

"You would like to see the young Lady Auchendrayne?" he said, courteously.

Nell replied, coldly, "I should like to see my sister."

"I think," said Auchendrayne, with a wiselike and grave sobriety that set well on his reverend person, "that she is presently in the orchard-house."

"Will you bide here, or will you go with Mistress Helen?" he asked of me.

"We would all go together," said Nell, "if it pleasure you."

So, with a courteous wave of the hand, he led us through stone passages and along echoing corridors, till we came to a door in the wall, from which we entered upon a pleasant prospect of gardens and orchards. Here again there was the same curious silence, and, as it seemed, the absence of the twitter and stir of a Scottish garden in the season of summer.

We came to a stone building like a tomb, all overshaded with trees.

"This is the orchard-house of Auchendrayne," he said. "I believe the Lady Marjorie is within."

The Dominie and I staid without with John Muir, while Nell went in alone to greet her sister. We heard the faint murmur of voices, and the now and then a pulsing check as of a slow smothered sob. We three that were without stood with our backs to the cold, heavy white stones under the green shade, while John Muir discoursed learnedly and pleasantly of flower-beds and tulips, and the best form of doocot tower for the supply of the table with pigeon pie.

At last Nell came to the door.

"Launcelot, Marjorie wishes you to come in," she said. I entered, and found a large room finished in oaken panelling and moulded archings. Roses looked in at the windows, and a stir of pleasant coolness was all about. Marjorie was sitting by a table with many books spread upon it.

My dear Lady was pale and white as a lily. She leaned her head on her hand. But there burned a still fire in her eye.

"Launcelot," she said to me, "this is not so wide a place to walk within as the garden plesaunce at Culzean, nor yet can we see from the garden house of Auchendrayne the rough blue edges of Arran or the Haystack of Ailsa."

I bade her look forward to happy days yet to come; for, indeed, I wist not what to say to her. She smiled upon me wistfully and indulgently, as one does upon a prattling child.

"I thank you, Launcelot," she said, "but I was not born for happiness. You were ever my good lad. I see you wear my favor; but you have found another lady—is it not so?"

I told her no, blushing to have to say so in the hearing of Nell, who afterwards might flout me, or, as like as not, cast up the old matter of Kate Allison.

Then through one of the windows I saw John Muir pacing up and down the path with the Dominie at the other side of the garden, so I knew that it was our time to speak.

"Ye have heard of your father's death?" said I. "What think ye? How was it wrought and brought about? Can you help us to unravel it?"

"Nay," said Marjorie; "not at present. But I shall yet clear the matter to the roots, and that before I die."

"Wherefore not come back to us at Culzean? We need you sorely," pleaded Nell, who stood holding her sister's hand.

"Nay," said Marjorie, "my work is not yet done at Auchendrayne."

It was the selfsame answer she had given when she rode away from the gate of Maybole on the day of the death of Gilbert Kennedy of Bargany.

"Are they cruel to you here, Marjorie—tell me that?" I said, for I saw that the old Laird was approaching, and that our further time was short.

"No one of them hath laid so much as a finger upon me!" said Marjorie. And this at least was some comfort to us to carry back to the sad house of Culzean with us.

So there, little satisfied concerning that which we came to seek, but with somewhat more ease in our hearts for Marjorie's sake, we went back through the passages and into the great hall. While we waited there for a servant to show us forth to our horses my eye rested upon a large, closely written volume, with the quill laid upon it, and the inkhorn set in a hole in the desk above it.

"I see that my clerk-work has caught your eye," said John Muir. "It is a nothing that I amuse myself with, yet it may live longer than you or I. It is but a slight history of the great sept whose name you, Master Launcelot, so worthily bear, with all their branches and noble deeds at arms. For me, I am but a useless old man, past the labor of fighting. Yes, it was your own lance that put me there. But I bear no malice: it was the fortune of war. You know me better than to suppose that John Muir bears a grudge for that shrewd thrust on the day of the quenching of our hopes in blood by the gate of Maybole."

I bowed, and thanked him for his courteous words.

"It was the gallantest charge that ever was made," said I, "since that of Norman Leslie, when, on the day before Renti, he charged into the midst of sixty Spaniards with but seven Scottish lances at his tail."

"Ah, Master Kennedy," said the Laird of Auchendrayne, smiling, "I knew not that you also were a historian."

"Sir," said I, "I am no historian, but a soldier. Yet is

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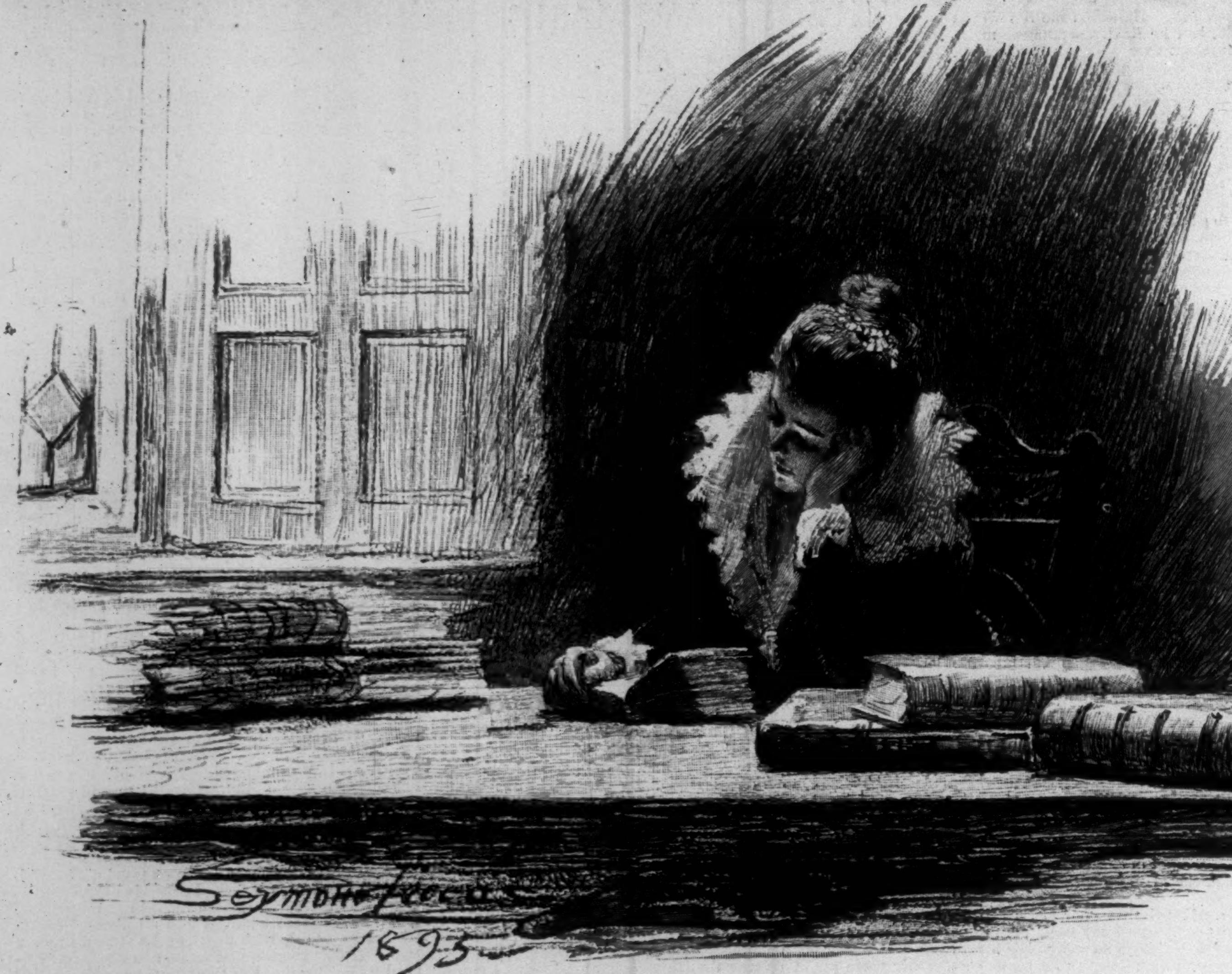
* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 2037.



"MARJORIE WAS SITTING BY A TABLE WITH MANY BOOKS SPREAD UPON IT."

it a part of the training of a good fighter that he should know the great deeds which have been done in the wars before him by brave men, so that he may emulate them when he himself is launched upon the points."

"It is well said, sir squire," said Auchendrayne, bowing to me.

So, with a courteous farewell, in which there was to be seen no grain of hate, or as much as a glint of the teeth of the wolf, he bade us go our ways. "And, above all things," he cried after us, "mind your prayers. 'Tis a good lesson for the young to mind."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

BUT, through being over-careful with my chronicle, I have spent too much time on our conferences. But we were, indeed, at the parting of the ways, and needed all advice. On our way back to Culzean we met one who told us that the Earl had gone home that day to Cassillis. Nell besought us to ride thither, for she had a request to make to the head of her house ere she went her ways back to Culzean.

So to Cassillis we rode, and at the gate encountered Robert Harburgh, dressed, as usual, in his dark, close-fitting doublet, and with his long plain sword by his side. With him I abode while Helen went within to pay her duty and service to the Countess, who, as Nell told me afterwards, never stopped praising the ancient days when she was the Chancellor's wife, and had one of the ladies of the court to attire her.

"Now," she said, bitterly, "John grudges it if I take a milkmaid half an hour from the butter-kirming to help to dress my hair."

Presently the Earl came out. He showed himself well pleased and kind, as, indeed, he was ever with me—perhaps because I never asked aught of him in all my life.

"Helen, our cousin," said he, "desires that she may go and bide among the heather with your good mother at Kirrieoch. What think ye of that?"

I told him that I had not heard of it—that she had spoken no word to me.

"See to the matter," he said, with significance. "I have heard of Sir Thomas and his last words. And if you prove worthy, I know of no reason why ye should not have the lass. But first ye must find the treasure of Kelwood or bring down her father's murderers—one of the two. And then I pledge you my knightly word that ye shall have both the lass and a suitable down-sitting. Besides which, if I am in favor with the King, ye may even have a clap on the shoulder from the flat of a royal sword. But that," said he, "I can nocht promise ye, for with King Jamie no man's favor is siccar."

"I told him that I kenned not rightly if the lass would have me; that I never spoke a single word of love to her but what she lightlied me."

"In good time," said the Earl. "The lass that wants in time of stress to gang and bide with the minnie, will draw not unkindly to the son in time of ease."

Then came Nell with a knitted shawl from the Countess to wear among the hills. For Earl John and she were kind folk in all that touched not the getting or spending of gear.

I asked my Lord also for the company of Robert Harburgh to help me in the escorting of Nell fitly to the little tower of Kirrieoch on the side of the Minnock water.

"Aye, aye; let him gang," said the Earl. "The honeymoon is by, and his wife will be the fonder of him for lying her lane till he comes hame to her again."

So Robert Harburgh and his long sword went southward from Cassillis along with us, riding mostly with the Dominie, while I rode with Nell.

I told her all our plans as we went—how we must seek the treasure; how we must, above all things, find the boy Dalrymple.

"I will go with you upon your quest," said the stanch little Dominie to me, when he heard of our adventure. And so it fell out that we four rode still to the south on the morrow, even till we came in the evening to my own hill land where the whaups are, and where the burns go chuckling and clattering over the pebbles, and where all the folks' hearts are warm. My mother took Nell in her arms when we told her our purpose and Nell's request.

"And I will help you with the kye," said Nell, blithely, to her.

"Aye," answered my mother. "Ye will help with the drinking of the milk, and that will e'en bring some roses into your cheeks, my puir bit shilpit lass."

And though there passed not a look by the common between us when we parted, I think my mother shrewdly jaloosed what were my hopes.

Thus they stood by the loan dyke, the two old folk, and Nell with her yellow hair a-blowing in the midst. And I, that knew not whether I might ever see them again, waved a hand, and resolved to return with a name and a barony at the least; or, if my lot were perverse, to leave my bones in some stricken field.

For this will a man part from a lass—and in especial from one to whom he dare not make love as he has done to others, because those others have told upon him till he fears ridicule of his real love more than rapier-thrusts. Right bitterly did I regret that I had done my by-courtings so near home. Because on my very life I dare not say a sweet word to Nell Kennedy for fear of her saying, "That is even what you said to Kate Allison, the Grieve's lass." Or, as it might: "Keep to your customs. It is not time yet for a quarter of an hour to put your arm about my waist."

Now this is monstrously unfair to any man, who, after all, is compelled to conduct his affairs with some kind of rule and plan of attack. I was a fool. Well do I know it. I ought to have gone further afield than the Grieve's house. I am sure there are plenty of lasses in Carrick fairer to look upon than Kate Allison. Though I admit that I thought not so at the time.

So it was arranged that Robert Harburgh should ride to the woodland country about Auchendrayne, and there, from his headquarters at Cassillis, keep his eye upon the doings of the Muirs, because his person was unknown to them of Muir's household.

The Dominie and I had the more uncertain work, but we had made our plans, and were not to be put off. The neighborhood of the Bennane was well known to all that trafficked about the town of Girvan. It was a dangerous and an ill-famed place, and many innocent people had very mysteriously lost their lives there, or at least disappeared to return no more. In order that we might be more free to pursue our wanderings, we left our horses behind us. Indeed, Dom Nicholas was now cropping the sweet grasses on the side of the Minnock water, with my father to show him where they grew thickest, and my mother to give him oats betweentimes, till the old beast was in some danger of being overfed.

When we neared Girvan we came into a country of the bitterest partisans of the Bargany folk. Here dwelt James Bannatyne of Chapeldonnan, one of the great intimates of John Muir, and much beholden to him. Here also was Girvan Mains, over the possession of which much of the bitterness had arisen. So, for our safety, we dressed ourselves as plain merchants travelling to Stranrawer in order to get a passage over to Ireland.

When we came to the farm-houses where we were to stay for the night, we always asked of the good man, in the hearing of his good wife, concerning the state of the country. Was it peaceful, were the bloody feuds stanched, and could honest men now live in peace? We heard a great deal of abuse of the Earl and our faction, as the greediest and worst-intentioned rascals in the world. That from the goodman. But when the wife got her tongue started, she would tell us much that was no credit to Drummurchie and others on the side of the murderers. Soon we were fully certified that we were now in the country where Drummurchie and Cloncaird and the rest of their party were being secretly sustained by their friends. Yet we could not come at them, which perhaps was as well, seeing that my person was well known to them.

I found the little Dominie a right brave companion. He had a way with the bairns that kept them on the trot to do his will, and pleasured to do it—a manner also of cross-questioning the parents about their children which showed them his interest and his knowledge. Then he would most wisely and soberly advise them to see and give this lad Alec a good education, to make this one a merchant because of his cleverness with figures, and this a dominie or a clerk because he did not give promise of being fit for anything else. It was as good as a play to hear him, and made us much thought of wherever we went.

Yet he was ready with his tools also. When we went by Kildonan, and a pack of dirty vagabonds made us stand, what was my surprise to find that Dominie Muir had laid down his pipes and was out with his blade and was among them before I got so much as my hand on the sword blade! And I am no laggard, either, with the iron, as all may know by this time. With his great bristling fierce head and his rapier, which thrust us unexpectedly from below, yet which with the length of his arm reached as far as a tall man's, he gave the rascals such a fright, and a wound or two also, which started them at the run. Even then he followed, thrusting at them behind till they shouted amain, and took across the fields to escape the pricking of his merciless weapon. And ever as they ran he cried, "'Halt and deliver!' I will give you a bellyful of 'Halt and deliver!'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

AMATEVR · SPORT

SEVERAL LEADING QUESTIONS pertinent to the present unsatisfactory government of amateur athletics in the United States were asked in this Department last week of the Amateur Athletic Union's president. He, from whom we might reasonably expect enlightenment, has given no information at all, and that which has come from any official source of the A.A.U. is too trivial to be regarded seriously. Meanwhile from several different sections of the country comes the pressing query, why is the A.A.U. so indifferent to the purity of amateur athletics—why so inactive in furthering the best interests of sport; why so callous to the infringement of its own laws by clubs and individuals?

I am asked these questions so repeatedly, I should have given space here to their solution by the president of the criticised Union. Failing that, I shall undertake the answer myself, since the present situation in amateur athletics is serious enough to warrant plain talk, and the moment opportune for some decision governing the future.

GOING STRAIGHT TO THE ROOT OF THE EVIL—is it indifference or impotence on the part of the A. A. U. that is answerable for the present dissatisfaction? It is both. Speaking for the Board of Governors of the national body, it has been more impotent than indifferent; with the Board of Managers of the several sectional associations, it has been distinctly not only indifference to the ethics of amateur sport, but in some instances active encouragement of professional tendencies. These are the two fundamental truths of the situation. That is not, however, telling the whole story, by any means. The Board of A.A.U. Governors has been indifferent as well as impotent—possibly an indifference born of the realization of that impotence, but disastrous in its effect just the same, and not altogether excusable.

The course of no executive body is strewn with roses, nor its progress made unopposed. Instances have multiplied in the last year where the A.A.U., standing within its rights and power, could have wielded great influence for the good, whereas its inaction—indifference—left the way clear for the vicious.

But vigorous, high-minded action in a good cause by a board that knows it will be actually outvoted at the polls implies individuals thoroughly in sympathy with the cause, character to acknowledge their fealty, and courage to fight for it to the bitter end.

AND THAT BRINGS US to one of the horns of the dilemma. The men on our A.A.U. governing and managing boards who will "die in the last ditch" in the cause of pure sport are few and far between. The number would not be increased materially were the first ditch rather than the last made the test of their loyalty.

WHAT THE AVERAGE MEMBER of our athletic councils does not know and does not care about the ethics of amateur sport would fill quite a library of "sporting" almanacs. It has already filled every sportsman in the country with disquietude. To such as these grasp of the broad and higher question of amateur sport is impossible. Their conception of legislative duty stops short after granting dates for games to applicants, imposing fines on those that have dared difference from their official mandates—and voting with an eye to the interests of themselves and friends. Fancy the state of mind of the few sportsmen on these boards! Were this pen-picture of a managing athletic board true only of one of the smaller or unimportant associations of the A. A. U. it would be bad enough, though we should have reason to expect its eventual submission to the example and influence of older and more wholesome members.

But the deplorable fact is that it applies to the four largest and most important associations of the Amateur Athletic Union—to wit, the Metropolitan, the Atlantic, the New England, and the Central. That no reader may misunderstand—the statement made here is that the majority of the members of the Board of Managers of these associations are not in sympathy with sport for sport's sake.

THE REASON THE MAJORITY OF THE MEMBERS OF these boards are untutored in the ethics of amateur sport is of course because the majority of clubs composing those associations have that kind of man on their roll almost to the exclusion of any other. And so the other horn of the dilemma is presented.

In short, to state the fact briefly and accurately—the reason club amateur athletics in the United States have in the last five years fallen from wholesome and more or less widespread activity; the reason corruption set in and is now viewed with indifference—is because the government of athletics to-day, from Maine to California, is in the hands of the riffraff of the athletic world; because the influence of the lower element is stronger than that of the higher; because there are more "sporting gents" and "amachoors" than gentlemen and sportsmen in our athletic legislative councils.

And this state of affairs has come about through trying to make our athletics democratic, forsooth! Silly cry raised by men seeking admittance without payment of the legitimate fee.

THE REORGANIZATION OF THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC Union several years ago was the signal for throwing open the doors to the mobs that were entirely without previous traditions or present sympathy with the ethics of amateur sport. "Democracy, dear to the heart of every American," is a fitting legend for the political orator—a principle in which in its highest sense I have an abiding faith. When that legend for political purposes is used to parallel the man who cannot read or write and the man who can, then I regard the principle of democracy as violated and its heart polluted.

So in sport. Democracy to all those of like traditions and similar sentiments. If we have in this country about one hundred and seventy athletic clubs, and all but about fifty of them are notoriously not only not in sympathy with the possibilities of amateur sport, but whose members are not fitted by tradition or athletic education to understand its ethical side, what is likely to be the result in opening to them the legislative halls of our national athletic body? What has been the result, the present situation in our club athletics shows. In an effort, so it was said, to make our athletics democratic, we have killed healthful club rivalry, we have filled our governing bodies with men that throttle all attempts for purity; our Amateur Athletic Union is jeered, and sportsmen are sick at heart in contemplation of the travesty.

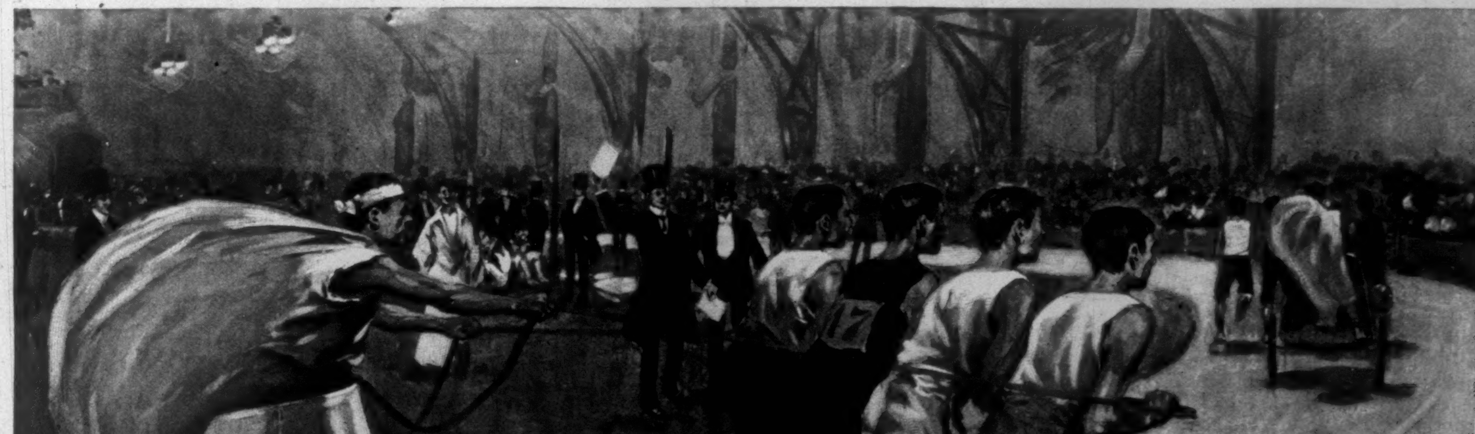
THE AMATEUR ATHLETIC UNION, as a body, therefore, is everlastingly committed to its present policy, if for no other reason, because the sportsmen are outnumbered four to one by that other element which bellows for democracy and athletic picnics and Sunday baseball. Hence we may look for no radical change of the present order of things so long as the present Amateur Athletic Union remains the national body of athletic control, or the balance of power within that body rests with the element that now holds it. There seems no way by which the A. A. U. can be freed of that element. The clubs which nourish and harbor it cannot be summarily expelled, for the good and sufficient reason that their delegates are largely in the majority in the athletic legislative hall. They may sin as they like, do what they will—who is to say them nay?

There is one way, and only one, by which the perplexing problem may be solved and a stand made for pure amateur athletics—the resignation from the Amateur Athletic Union of the respectable clubs, and their re-union in the organization of a National Amateur Athletic League, let us say, for want of a better name at the moment of writing. The League to be governed by a board of governors somewhat as was the old Amateur Athletic Union—except that each club should have a voice in legislation that applied especially to its habitat, but all questions bearing upon eligibility or amateur status in any degree or form to be determined by the League's board of, say, fifteen governors, these to be appointed by a nominating committee made up from the clubs, and of such relative numbers as obtains in choosing State electors.

ONE OF THE NECESSARY REQUIREMENTS to membership in this League must be a club-house and athletic grounds; it being permissible that the latter may be leased, and not necessarily owned. And it would be obligatory upon every club to give at least one set of open games annually. There is no excuse for an athletic club whose interest is not strong enough to foster some practical activity. If within a year a club cannot develop sufficient interest to give one meeting, it had best drop out of the League and try again. The plan of thrusting athletics or sport of any kind upon a community that does not wish it, as we have seen done in several directions, is harmful in results. If there is not sufficient interest to bring athletics to life, let them slumber; at least that state produces no unhealthful complications. What we want now is a League to insure health to those that are active, or, more correctly, probably, to institute a strict quarantine against those that are unhealthy, and to maintain it permanently against those which persist in remaining so.

SUCH A LEAGUE SHOULD NOT BE OPEN to clubs devoted purely to rowing or cycling or boxing. There are already existing organizations for the protection and cultivation of the rowing and cycling interests. Boxing is beyond redemption, and the new League would be well rid of that element. Nor should universities be eligible to such a League as, for instance, in California, the State University and Leland Stanford are members of the Pacific Association of the A.A.U.; nor even, I think, regimental athletic organizations, though that is somewhat of an open question. Certainly athletic associations with "social" club attachments that revel in midsummer picnics and midnight beer would not need the countersign of the new League to license their frolics.

NOW, OF THE ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-THREE CLUBS that belong to the Amateur Athletic Union, through one or the other of its branches, actually about thirty would be eligible to such a League. Perhaps it will be instructive to cast them up: New York A. C.; New Jersey A. C.; Boston A.A.; New Manhattan A.C.; Crescent A.C.; Orange A. C.; A. C. Schuylkill Navy (Philadelphia); Columbia A.C. (Washington); N.Y. Turn Verein; Baltimore A.C.;



AN ATHLETIC NOVELTY—CHARIOT-RACE AT THE SEVENTH REGIMENT IN-DOOR GAMES, NEW YORK.—DRAWN BY E. M. ASHE.

Southern A.C. (New Orleans); Young Men's Gymnasium Club (New Orleans); Louisville A. C.; Detroit A. C.; Denver A. C.; Chicago A. A.; Bankers' A. C. (Chicago); Multnomah A.C. (Portland, Oregon); Tacoma A.C.; Seattle A.C.; Olympic A.C. (San Francisco); Los Angeles A. C.; Mission A.C. (San Antonio, Texas); Ridgefield A.C. (Albany); Riverside A. C. (Newark); Syracuse A. C.; Lowell Cricket A.; Melrose A.C.; Newton A.A.

There may be a few others I have overlooked in a glance, but there are not many to be added to this list. Some of those given, too, are not really members of the A. A. U.—the New York A. C., the Boston A. A., and the Crescent A. C., for example. The last has never been a member; the first two have withdrawn within the past year. Of the complete list, there are not more than twenty-five that give annual games, and a large percentage of the others have no interest in sport beyond what satisfaction they derive from "slugging" matches.

SUMMING UP, WE FIND THE SITUATION to be: a national governing body that is powerless to protect our amateur athletics from scandal, and is fast becoming indifferent to its impotence; the controlling power of club athletic legislation absolutely in the hands of those who do not represent the best, or even the proper, conception of amateur sport; a lethargy in athletic competition; and an almost rooted hopelessness among sportsmen of the possibility of a change for the better.

Certainly there will be no change so long as the A.A.U. is the A.A.U. This is no sensational arraignment. It is a deliberate and dispassionate analysis. I have long studied the condition of athletics throughout the country, and have not come finally to suggesting the dissolution of our national athletic body without weighing cause and effect most carefully. Such action is not only suggested, it is urged as the only means by which we can wrest the control of our athletics from those that now have it. It is the only way we may once again attain wholesome sport.

AND IT MAY BE BROUGHT ABOUT very easily. Two of the strongest clubs in the country, the New York A. C. and the Boston A.A., are not members of the A.A.U. A meeting of the governors of these—a request to the desirable clubs to join—and the new League will be a fact. The A. A. U. would speedily collapse, since it is already bankrupt; deprived of even the moral support of sportsmen, it might possibly serve as the vehicle of the boxing and such clubs for a time, but its end would come, sooner or later.

It is too bad indeed the old organization must die that sport may live in health and prosperity. But there seems no other course open. It is a struggle for supremacy between the vicious elements and the sportsmen. It cannot be carried on fairly in the A.A.U.; the A.A.U. itself is sapped of its former strength, its officials invalided, its health broken. We must leave it to the mercy of its traducers, and while there is yet health and strength in us, let us rally for another stand behind strengthened battlements—but under the same old flag.

Is there sufficient sportsmanship in the Boston Athletic Association, the New York Athletic and the University Athletic clubs, to crystallize the movement?

AT LEAST ONE BRANCH of the Amateur Athletic Union has not become moribund. President Humphrey of the Pacific Association is busily combating that element in the Olympic A.C. which has developed so pronounced a professional bias. He has succeeded in arousing the president, F. W. Eaton, and the board of directors of the club, to some realization of their duty. Whether Mr. Eaton and his directors were entirely lost to that sense, or whether merely slumbering at their posts, has not yet been revealed. We shall be better able to judge later on. For the present, it is pleasing to record that Mr. Eaton has assured President Humphrey that at their boxing tournament May 18th winners will be given prizes of no greater value than $35. So far, so good.

Many of the entries to this tournament are men whom the recent investigations discovered as having hitherto received two orders for their boxing—one of $35 and one of $40. Now according to all amateur rules, those men are professionals; but it may be that the Pacific Association will pardon past offenders on the plea of ignorance, as has been the case at some of the universities in the middle West since reform set in. At all events, that is for the Pacific Association to decide. We should say, give them and the club one more chance—but only one. What the Pacific Association must not tolerate, however, is the holding of a professional tournament in conjunction with the amateur one. That is permissible by no canons of amateur sport—not even on the Pacific coast, where the most mysterious of interpretations are evolved.

THE NEW ELIGIBILITY CODE recently established by the University of Pennsylvania to govern its athletics is exhaustive and thorough. It deals effectively with every known means the athletic transgressor has hitherto employed to give him specious standing. Certainly, if its provisions are enforced by the Athletic Committee, there will not again be occasion to question the amateur status of any man on Pennsylvania's teams or crews. The rules demand one academic year's residence at the university and attainment of the prescribed standing of scholarship, of those that have ever played in an inter-collegiate contest upon any team of any other college or university; "dropped" students are barred, as are those not in good class standing; no student may represent the university in more than one branch of sport in a single academic year; teams may not play on other than college grounds, or compete with non-collegiate teams or crews without special permission; "club amateurs" and "summer-resort baseball" players are proscribed. Altogether the rules are the most detailed and stringent of any now in force in collegiate athletics. The one criticism to be made is that the preliminary football practice should have been entirely abolished, instead of being limited to "three weeks." I am very much opposed to these preliminary seasons in any sport; they give the men more physical work than they actually require; they invest the game with too much importance. More than anything else, besides large gate receipts, they envelop the sport in too much of a business atmosphere.

NOT ALL THE RULES IN CHRISTENDOM will put sport on a healthful plane in our universities until we have cultivated a spirit of sport for mere sport's sake, and we will never inculcate that spirit until we have done away with the "business" of making winning teams.

What a sad reflection upon our sportsmanship is all this elaborate provision against professionalism—against lying and dishonesty, in other words! To think that our college men's pledge of honor should not be all-sufficient! Nor is it gratifying to realize that the necessity for this maze of intricate legislation has been created in the main by *alumni* of our universities. Yet such is the fact. If *alumni* had been as enthusiastic in establishing long ago a standard of honor, as they were in turning out winning teams, we should not now have the movements of our college athletes shadowed like those of the veriest bunco-steerer. The pity of it, that truth and fair play should have given place to deceit and everything to win!

What we need now, to our shame be it said, is a standard of honor that will need no rules for guidance; the inculcation of a spirit of manly, fair play at our schools and colleges—a spirit that scorns to take undue advantage of an opponent. This is the work that school-masters and college faculties and parents and *alumni* can do.

And the need for such work has all come about through our feverish desire to win, our excessive training, our large gate receipts, our preliminary practice seasons, and our unsportsmanlike *alumni*.

ONE OF THE RESULTS of this professional tendency is evidenced in the character of the coaching in vogue at the baseball games of our universities in the last few years. I venture to say that such horse-play may not be seen nor such "muckerish" slang heard at any professional baseball game in the United States as has been exhibited at the Harvard-Yale-Princeton-University-of-Pennsylvania baseball games in the last three years. Can nothing be done to relieve us of the altogether disgusting exhibition? If these outrageous performances do not come within the jurisdiction of the university faculty athletic committees, I should like to ask—what do? Here is a chance—not for rules—but for insistence upon a spirit of fair play which will correct the spectators' impression of the college nines being membered by hoodlums, rather than by gentlemen. Princeton has a great opportunity this year to set an example. Her first games with Harvard and Yale are both on home grounds. Shall we see the usual exhibition of "muckerism," or shall we leave the field feeling that at least we have attended the sport of gentlemen? The Princeton faculty and athletic *alumni* and Captain Bradley have a joint responsibility, for which they will be held accountable.

ANOTHER OBJECTIONABLE FEATURE of collegiate baseball, and in direct line with the hoodlumish slanging at match games, is the employment of professional baseball coaches. By what conception the professional attains a place in college sport, other than that of trainer, I am sure sportsmen would be glad to learn from the universities that employ him. To my way of looking at the matter, the practice is most menacing. Two universities already have professional coaches for their crews; nearly all of them have professionals for their baseball nines; in time—who knows?—perhaps professionals will also take over football. The employment of the professional destroys all college sentiment and tradition. It is harmful. It is again intensifying that dreaded "business" atmosphere. It is introducing a corrupting element—*vide* the present rowdy, ungentlemanly, and unsportsmanly behavior of our college nines.

In baseball these professionals take absolute charge of the nines; what is the natural result of a nine developed under such influence?

Harvard is this year more offensive than any other; it has employed two professional coaches. And Harvard is the university whose athletic committee claims to be in complete sympathy with the ethics of amateur sport! This is the committee, too, that objects so strenuously to paying *alumni* rowing coaches! It is an offence against the ethics of college sport to employ professional coaches in rowing; it is not an offence in baseball, according to Harvard's code. Consistency is indeed a jewel. Apropos, it is refreshing to turn to Yale—the only one of the large colleges that is not employing a professional coach in its baseball this year. Congratulations to the college that preaches less and practises more!

HARVARD AND UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA will be coming together shortly, I presume, for agreement on football eligibility rules. Each has a four-year rule as the limit of time a man may play. Harvard's dates from the time a man played on any institution giving a B.A. degree; Pennsylvania's from the time the man began play on her own 'varsity. Harvard wants Pennsylvania to adopt her interpretation, and Penn. claims it would be unjust to her to do so, for the reason that the small colleges upon which she draws are not so far in advance, from an athletic point of view, as the preparatory schools, Exeter, etc., whence Harvard recruits many of her players.

Comparing the athletic feeders of the two universities, undoubtedly Pennsylvania has claims to consideration on the extension of the four-year rule as interpreted by Harvard. And yet, all things considered, it would be a dangerous and bothersome precedent to attempt the making of an annual list of the colleges about Pennsylvania which should be excluded for the purpose of football from the action of the four-year rule.

NOW THESE RULES WERE ORIGINALLY MADE—1st, To provide against a man's going from one college to another solely on account of his athletic prowess; and 2d, To provide against his playing on a 'varsity team beyond what is known as the usual period of undergraduate life—*i. e.*, four years.

Harvard and Pennsylvania each has a rule to the effect that no man who has ever played on another college team is eligible to their teams until he has spent an academic year, and reached the standard of scholarship prescribed at each of these institutions.

As the kind of man who goes from one college to another simply for athletics is not willing, usually, to put in a year of study preliminary to working for the privilege of playing football, it would seem that sort of man is provided for in the one-year-residence rule.

On the other hand, a man who goes to a university for the purpose of finishing his education certainly is entitled to play on the 'varsity teams the natural and usual period of his undergraduate life, so long as he maintains the required standard of scholarship.

From this point of view, Harvard's rule might on occasion be unjust to her own men; while Penn.'s also, on occasion, might lead to imposition. It seems to me a case for compromise, and none better suggests itself to me than that Pennsylvania's rule apply to men entering the academic department, while Harvard's apply to those in the professional schools—the one-year residence rule applying in both cases where men have played on other college teams. That is, men in the academic departments may play four years from the time of entering Harvard or Penn.; professional school-men, who are generally older, and not supposed to have so much time for athletics, to date their four years of play from the time they first played on any college team.

THE FOOTBALL RULES COMMITTEE, which is now meeting under the auspices of the University Athletic Club in New York, should give us such a set of rules that will provide for every exigency of the game which has so wondrously developed in the last three years. It is composed of Walter Camp (Yale), J. H. Sears (Harvard), Alexander Moffatt (Princeton), John C. Bell (Pennsylvania), Paul Dashiel (Lehigh), L. M. Dennis (Cornell), who were brought together for this purpose on invitation of the University Athletic Club. The plan will be to take up and discuss each rule, changing it only on the unanimous vote of the committee. On the conclusion of its work, all the alterations are to be again passed upon, and not recorded except on unanimous vote. Once passed, the rules will be published as "recommended by the University Athletic Club," and, safe to say, the best adapted for general play throughout the United States.

The first consideration of the committee in its revision of the present several sets of rules should be to lessen danger and unnecessary roughness; that being considered, to do nothing to eliminate strategy or ingenuity. It will be a mistake to dictate to a captain the positions his men must occupy in play. For instance, I heard some talk last winter of ruling that all the rushers must stand in their place in line. Such a rule, seems to me, would tend to detract much from strategic play. The idea should be, of course, to provide against mass and flying plays; but if it is ruled that no more than three men may mass back of the line and none start before the ball is put in ball, that object is obtained. To rule that all the rushers must stand in their place would be altogether undesirable, and a hinderance to the strategic possibilities of football.

THE SPECTACLE OF THE COLLEGE OARSMEN putting up the location of their race to the highest bidder is truly ennobling. Harvard and Cornell and University of Pennsylvania *alumni* ought to be proud of the business acumen of these boating men of affairs. Perhaps another year we shall see the commercial enterprise carried to more systematic issue, and the time for opening and closing bids advertised in the press of the country. Simultaneously it might be as well, so as to get every dollar in sight, to advertise for bids for lunch-booths, merry-go-rounds, wheels of fortune, and other like ventures in keeping with this sort of enterprise.

We congratulate Columbia as being the only one of the four to object to the auctioneering and to Saratoga.

Saratoga is not the place for a college race. Its past history is malodorous—its future would be equally as offensive to sportsmen.

The strongest recommendations its advocates advance in its favor are its hotels and its assurance of an unobstructed course. An unobstructed course may be obtained anywhere if a proper committee sets about its work in season. Certainly the New London course was unobstructed. As for hotels, they would not be needed at Poughkeepsie, which is the only other course possible for a quadrangular race.

SMOOTH WATER MAY NOT BE ASSURED at Saratoga any more than at Poughkeepsie; the opportunities for viewing the race at Saratoga are *nil*, while at Poughkeepsie an observation train may follow throughout. It is nonsense to proclaim no consideration for the spectators. The *alumni* and undergraduates and sportsmen generally are too much interested to be ignored; certainly the *alumni* and students have some claims to consideration. Besides this want of proper facilities for viewing the race, Saratoga, with its hotels and gambling-dens, would be a most undesirable site for any college event.

From every point Poughkeepsie is unquestionably the course for this race. The objection seems to come from Harvard. Harvard's boating authorities are so accustomed to vacillation in rowing policy it has become second nature. A little while ago we heard something of an effort to reduce the classic four-mile race to three—now we have this effort to change to Saratoga. Pennsylvania and Cornell probably agree with Harvard, because Harvard might not like it, if they did not. Anything might be expected of Penn. after her abandonment of a stroke agreed by all authorities to be the best known. Columbia stands alone in her opposition to Harvard's whim—for whim it certainly seems to be.

One thing is certain: if that race is rowed at Saratoga it will be against the wishes of college-men generally, and the class of spectators greatly changed from what we are accustomed to see at New London.

Again we have an opportunity for our university athletic committees for some exhibition of a higher conception of their duties than merely warning a man off a football team or looking up the record of a rival college team.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT IN-DOOR GAMES last week furnished, as part of an exceedingly interesting athletic meeting, a novelty in the form of a chariot-race. The wheels of the chariot were similar to those used on a bicycle, and four men composed each team.

CASPAR WHITNEY.

ST. DEINIOL'S LIBRARY.

CLOSE by Hawarden parish church are the hostel and library of St. Deiniol, which were both founded by Mr. Gladstone. The library was originally formed by the overflow of Mr. Gladstone's superabundant books from Hawarden Castle, where their number had long been too great for the available space. The Glynne Library occupied two large rooms in the castle, and Mr. Gladstone himself accumulated such a quantity of books that they began to overflow into other rooms. However, by a systematic arrangement and by economizing space, Mr. Gladstone managed to get 20,000 volumes stored in the two rooms. But still the books grew in number, and Mr. Gladstone has conceived the idea of founding a village library, and with that intent he had a temporary iron building put up near the church. The new library was opened last year, and Mr. Gladstone himself supervised the arrangement of the books. He is constantly paying visits to the library in order to refer to some one of the 27,000 books which he has given to the institution.

"THE ELEMENTS OF NAVIGATION."—BY W. J. HENDERSON.—ILLUSTRATED.—16MO, CLOTH, $1 00.—HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS.

THIS BUSY WORLD

BOSTON.

Speaker Reed has lately illumined the gray political atmosphere of Washington by the following unique tribute to the industry of Congressman Dingley, who, he says, "would rather take a stubby old lead-pencil and figure out on the back of an envelope what rate of duty the Romans imposed upon Persian wool than sit on a narrow sofa in a dark room with a pretty girl." Would the Speaker prefer such a seat to the Presidential chair?

An interesting play has lately been produced at the principal theatre of Bangkok, Siam. It is to be hoped that it will be produced elsewhere than in the Orient. It represents Queen Victoria in the light of a poor injured female prosecuting a war against the King of Siam, to collect from that faithless monarch heavy damages for a breach of promise of marriage. A feature of the play is a terrific battle-axe combat between the Duke of Cambridge and three Siamese war-fairies. The British are defeated with heavy loss; nevertheless, the King very gallantly marries the defeated Queen.

Silver, like Rhine-wine, is "pale as the moon" and likewise "maddening as her light." Whoever is smitten with its insane rays never seems to recover. Even at Monticello, last week, Senator Daniel, of Virginia, sang the praises of the poor deserted metal after Governor Russell had spoken without reservation in favor of sound money. Thomas Jefferson would surely not have believed that the people, who now receive their wages in the American dollar, should be compelled to accept the Mexican dollar.

The New York preacher who used on Easter Sunday a sermon of the late Dr. Putnam, of Roxbury, probably gave the congregation a chance to hear a better sermon than one from his own pen. In these days of newspaper publication it is safer to look for "sermons in stones" than in books.

The interesting news comes from Gaylord, Kansas, that every municipal office has been intrusted to a woman. Mrs. Antoinette Haskell, the Mayor, is a free-silver Democrat. The name of the town might now be changed to "Livelady."

The dogs are having their day in Boston now that the horses have so successfully shown their paces. These successful shows are good evidence that the town has ceased to be a village.

The Japanese Field-Marshal was much impressed by Governor Morton's staff, and he declared that he was pleased to meet so many "military men." This remark must have inflated the chests of the "glittering generalities."

J. T. W.

SAN FRANCISCO.

The death at Santa Monica of Mrs. Carrillo recalls an interesting episode of early Californian history. Mrs. Carrillo was born a Baudini, a Spanish family of high position and importance in the early days, one of its members being that typically aristocratic and helpless Spaniard described by Dana in *Two Years Before the Mast.* At the time of the Mexican war Commodore Stockton came to San Diego, intending to proclaim American control in the town. Just outside the city the Commodore made the embarrassing discovery that he had no American flag. In this quandary he left his troop where they were and went to Don Juan Baudini, the head man of San Diego, to ask for help. Don Juan had no flag, but he had three daughters and a dry-goods store. Out of white cotton and red and blue flannel the three señoritas cut and sewed together the banner of the stars and stripes which the soldiers of Commodore Stockton carried in triumph into San Diego. This was the first American flag used in California, and it can still be seen at Washington among the collection of Mexican war relics.

A new venture has been tried in the shipping of California redwood to England. Two British ships have lately started on their homeward voyage carrying cargoes of redwood. This wood, which is used universally and recklessly here in general building, has in England attracted the attention of decorators and architects. Its rich reddish tint renders it adaptable to interior decorations, panelling, and wainscoting. The two ships just started are taking their cargoes on speculation. This is another menace to the redwood forests, which, as it is, are rapidly disappearing. Those interested in the preservation of the Golden State's beauty have unsuccessfully tried to stop the wholesale demolition of these famous forests—the wonder and beauty of California. Save in the few cases where the redwoods have gained the giant growth of "Big Trees" no attempt has been made to preserve them. As they only grow in the foldings of the Sierra, the time is not far distant when the cañons will be swept bare of them, and California will wake to the realization of the vandalism that has robbed it of its greatest scenic charm.

The honor of being chosen Queen of La Fiesta at Los Angeles is a costly one. The Queen's four costumes have just arrived from the East, and are described as being something dazzling. The first one is of white satin, sprinkled with yellow lilies worked in gold thread, and having a court train of yellow satin trimmed with ermine. There is one of white covered in white laces, and a ball dress, also of white, made after a court costume worn by the Empress Josephine. But the coronation robe is the most magnificent of all. It is white and green, brocaded in flowers of shaded greens, and finished by a court train of heavy emerald-green velvet. There is also a child queen, a little girl of six, who rules over the kingdom of flowers. This little one reigns but for one day. She and her fifteen attendants—each dressed as a Californian blossom—are to represent the flower world of the South.

The fur-seal has shown a disposition this spring to migrate south in large bands, and to linger off the California coast. While the northern seal fleet reports a poor season, three of the sealers that have staid in southern waters have made unusually fine hauls. The *Eppinger* has not cruised more than 100 miles off shore and has 1200 skins, more than the total catch of the Victoria and Sound fleet. The *Kate*, another local sealer, reports a fine lot of skins captured off the Farallones and as far south as Santa Barbara. The fur-seal is a peculiar animal, and should it take to visiting the waters along this coast in the early spring it may in time entirely desert its old haunts in the northern currents.

G. B.

(*Continued on page 429.*)

AN ASTHMA CURE AT LAST.

Medical science at last reports a positive cure for Asthma in the remarkable Kola Plant, a new botanical discovery found on the Congo River, West Africa. Its cures are really marvellous. Rev. J. L. Combs, of Martinsburg, W. Va., writes that it cured him of Asthma of fifty years' standing, and Hon. L. G. Clute, of Greeley, Iowa, testifies that for three years he had to sleep propped up in a chair, being unable to lie down night or day from Asthma. The Kola Plant cured him at once. To make the matter sure, these and hundreds of other cures are sworn to under oath before a notary public. So great is their faith in its wonderful curative powers, the Kola Importing Co., 1164 Broadway, New York, is sending out large trial cases of the Kola compound free to all sufferers from Asthma. Send them your name and address on a postal card, and they will send you a large trial case by mail free. It costs you nothing, and you should surely try it.—[*Adv.*]

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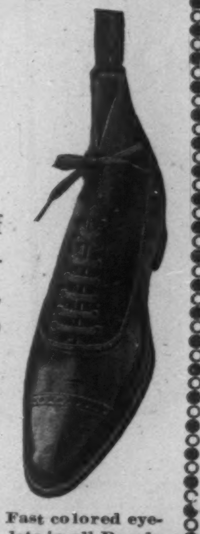

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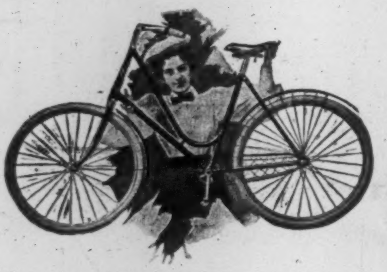

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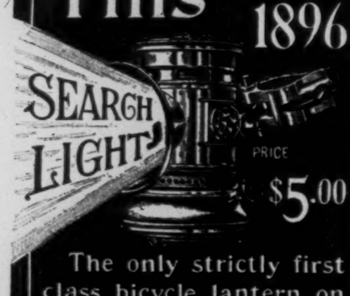

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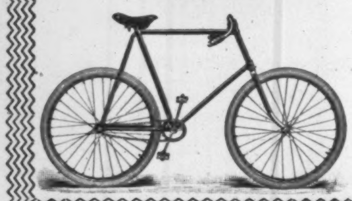

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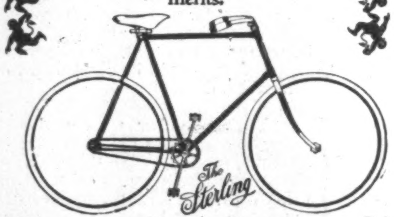

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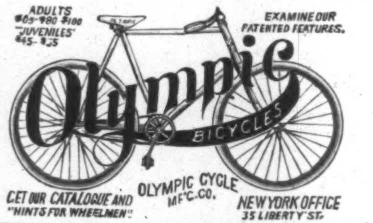
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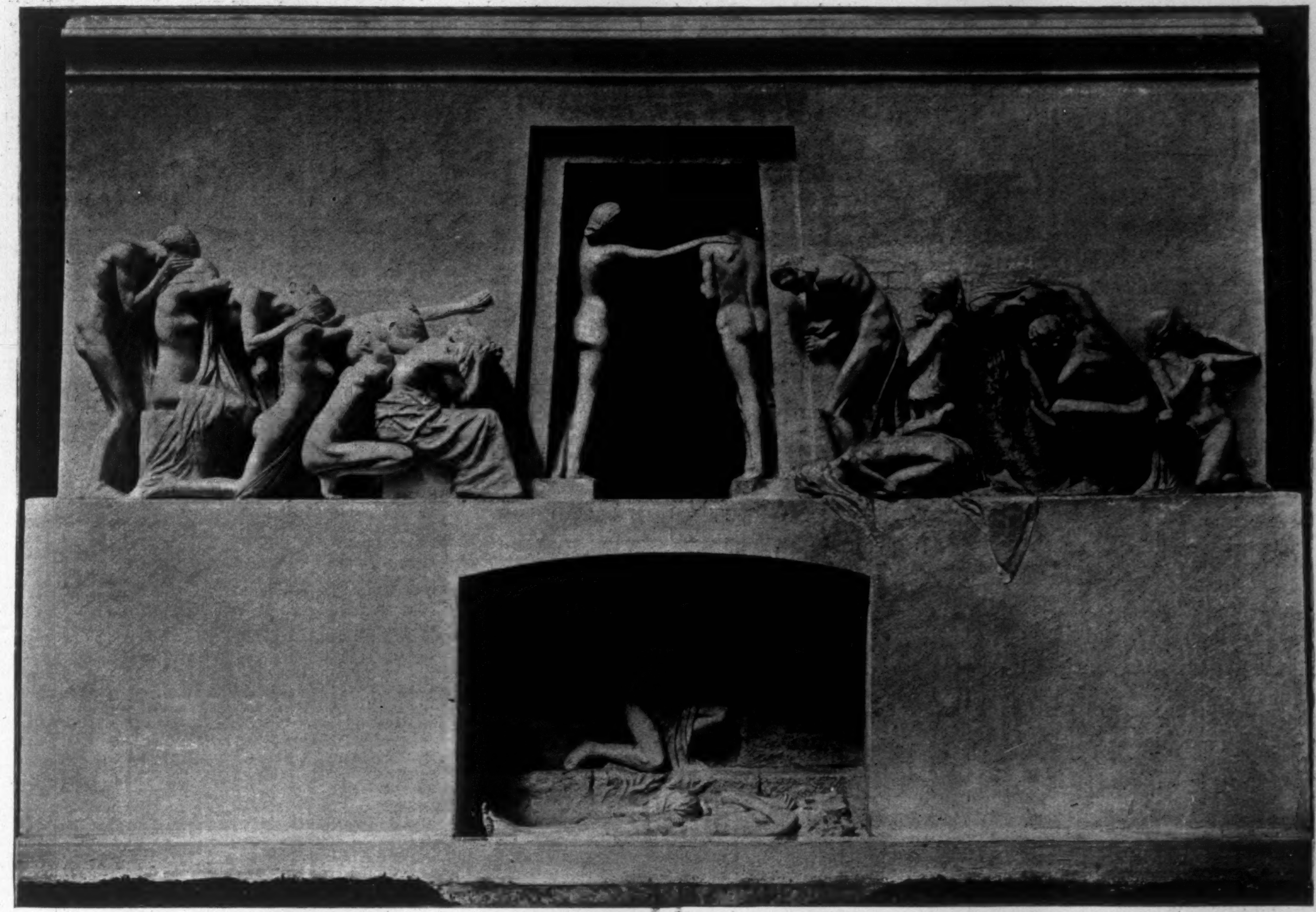

THE MONUMENT TO THE DEAD, PURCHASED BY THE FRENCH GOVERNMENT FOR THE CEMETERY PÈRE LACHAISE.
SCULPTOR, ALBERT BARTHOLOMÉ.—[SEE PAGE 430.]

THIS BUSY WORLD.—*(Continued from page 427.)*

The London *Herald of Peace*, in considering the attitude of the American press towards war, praises a number of American newspapers for their efforts in behalf of peace, but makes the curious complaint that *The Century* and HARPER'S MONTHLY have for years past violated the dictates of wisdom and true patriotism by publishing "articles and pictures calculated to foster the war spirit, and to cherish rather than repress international rivalry and jealousy." In the MONTHLY Mr. Bigelow's narrative of the German fight for liberty seems to incur its disapproval, and it deplores the pictures of martial scenes that accompany it, and it is even possible that it disapproves of "Joan of Arc," and the pictures which have accompanied the reminiscences of her historian. But surely the *Herald of Peace* cannot hope to abolish all chronicles of war from the world's history. The strongest argument for peace in the future is the story of wars in the past. If we did not know by the world's experience all about the costs and evils of war, we should not value peace as we do. A war that brings peace where there was no peace is worth its cost. Such were the wars of Joan against the English; such the wars of the German people against Napoleon. The more some people know about war, the less they want it, and the more eager they must be to take measures in time to obviate all need of it and to avert it when it threatens. The suggestion that HARPER'S MONTHLY is an inflammatory publication is hardly likely to be endorsed, except possibly by persons whose ideal of a peaceful attitude is that of the ostrich with its head buried in sand.

One phase of the prevalent enthusiasm for bicycles is the mania for collecting bicycle buttons which is so generally epidemic among little boys. There is a good deal to recommend the bicycle button to the juvenile collector. It is cheap and reasonably abundant. Indeed, at present every bicycle-maker who really respects himself seems to issue buttons, and if the practice keeps pace with the multiplication of manufacturers, there will be buttons enough to keep the acquisitiveness of the young collectors on a constant stretch. Once the habit of collecting bicycle buttons takes root in a boy, it is pretty sure to extend itself to the acquisition of other advertising emblems. Already no boy who is in the bicycle-button quest will refuse a Morton button or a Harrison hat, and the prospect is that, as the present season advances, every earnest boy's collection will develop an important political branch.

Under the head of "University Intelligence" there are printed, under date of March 13th, in the London *Times* four items from Cambridge. The first says that the Chancellor's medal for an English poem is not awarded; the second, that the Porson prize for the best translation of a stated passage into Greek is not adjudged; the third, that the examiners for the degree of Doctor of Music announce that no candidate has passed. If these are fair sample items of Cambridge news, that ancient university is perhaps open to special congratulation on the decision of its governors not to admit girls to the privileges of the university. The men students seem hardly in fit intellectual condition just now to meet competition.

The millinery business, which renders such conspicuous and efficient aid to nature in shifting the seasons about this time of the year, is analogous in methods and use of material with some branches of the trade of letters. Take a few highly colored facts, throw in a proper quantity of imagination, juggle them together with whatever art is available, and you have a spring hat or a copy of verses or an essay, according to the materials used. If the product finds a market, there you are. In either case the most valuable ingredient of the article sold is the intellectual feat by which it was put together.

It is the opinion of the average unthinking male clod that the delight of women in seasonable head-gear is a reprehensible phase of vanity, and that the simplest conceivable method of saving money is to buy a cheap hat instead of a dear one. A hat is a hat, these creatures argue, and a good-enough hat is as good as any hat.

Avaunt, clods! If there is any indulgence in which enough is not nearly as good as a feast it is the indulgence of women in hats. To be glorious in hats and bewitching in bonnets is one of the public duties of the well-to-do. The longing for effulgent millinery is a legitimate desire, in perfect accordance with the dispositions and purposes of nature, and a thing not to be scoffed at, but respected and approved.

A noticeable thing about this year's hats is that they run lavishly and gorgeously to flowers and not much to feathers. This will rejoice the Audubon societies, which have been organized to bond women together against the destruction of birds for the sake of their plumage. The method used by these societies appears in a circular issued by the Audubon Society of Massachusetts, which tells about the pursuit and threatened extinction of the snowy heron, whose aigrettes are so much used in bonnets, and invites the friends of birds to pledge themselves not to use the feathers of wild birds for ornamentation. This society has its office at the rooms of the Natural History Society in Berkeley Street, Boston, and it invites sympathizers with its work to send a dollar to its treasurer and be joined to the list of its members.

French papers allude with an affectation of dismay to the rumor that the State of New York proposes to levy a special tax of fifty per cent. on the private fortunes of such of its women citizens as may marry foreigners. It finds in this report a striking illustration of the spread of the Monroe doctrine in the United States and the growing strength of the America-for-the-Americans sentiment. It has forebodings of embarrassment to certain classes of Europeans if the proposed bill is passed; and conjectures that it may become more difficult than it has been for gentlemen of rank who have had reverses to readjust their fiscal balances. It criticises the bill, however, not on the ground of its injustice to struggling Frenchmen, but for curtailing to a grave and most objectionable degree the boasted liberties of the American female.

That would seem to most Americans a sound objection to such legislation, if any such law were really suggested. The disposition of the American girl to bestow herself on a foreigner makes abundant talk and provokes abundant railing, but it does not as yet threaten any serious impoverishment of the country, and it is not known that legislation on the subject really threatens. Among the foreigners who marry rich American girls there are some who are worth all they cost, and others who earn all they get. Among the American girls who marry foreigners there are some who are dear with any dot, and some who have no reasonably good matrimonial chance at home. For none of these types is legislation needed, and when the representatives of them are subtracted from the whole number affected, the residue is not great enough to be important. The international marriage at this stage of its development seems competent to regulate itself without legislation. Let it proceed, then, as heretofore, according to the laws of demand and supply.

The T-Square Club of Philadelphia thinks itself a worthy organization, and seems to be amply justified in that opinion. It was started about fifteen years ago by a few young architects who were devoted to their profession and considered that the development of their art was hindered by a lack of public appreciation. Their sentiment was that by promoting cordial relations among architects they could help to raise architecture in Philadelphia to a higher plane. The persistence of the organization is proof in itself of its usefulness, but its members have other specific grounds for satisfaction with their club and its achievements. It has taken, they tell us, the only two medals ever offered for club exhibits of architectural designs, one from St. Louis and one from Cincinnati, and both won in competition with other Eastern clubs. Beginning with a dozen members, the club now has one hundred and thirty, who make it a strong representative body. It will take charge this spring of the architectural exhibition which is to be held in connection with the spring exhibition of paintings at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts.

The *Evening Post* suggested last week that, seeing that politics in this country were in a somewhat critical state, and the newspapers seemed to be having an inadequate degree of success in bringing the people to a sense of their obligations as voters, it might be useful to revert to a method of rousing and instructing the public which proved so efficacious in antislavery days, viz., putting lecturers into the field to preach such political gospel as the times demanded. This is an interesting suggestion. Only the older members of the present generation have vivid personal recollections of the lecturers who went up and down in the land before the war, but the traditions of their might are still very prevalent, and the decline of their industry is often bewailed in the towns that used to know them. As a means of conveying information and instruction the newspaper has many advantages over the lecturer. It costs less, it is left at the door, it turns up daily, and it can keep reiterating its message if it has one. But the lecturer has his advantages too. He can give all his attention to one or two things, and rub those in thoroughly. He has no advertisers, no subscribers, no plant, and no capital worth mentioning is invested in him. The newspaper is in business, just as the pastor of a popular church is, and is affected by the conservative influences that affect other business men. But the lecturer is a free voice. If he can draw an audience, he can speak to them according as the spirit moves him, and the more ginger he puts into his discourse the more listeners he is likely to have. The experiment of sending out lecturers on Boss Rule, the Gold Standard, and Jingoism would be highly interesting to watch, but the speakers would have to be head men and leaders of the people.

E. S. MARTIN.

CHICAGO.

THE quiet persistent work for good government done by the Municipal Voters' League of Chicago bore abundant fruit at the election of the 7th of April. Of the "gang" aldermen seeking re-election upon that occasion a large number—all but about half a dozen, in fact—were relegated to private life, and their places filled, for the most part, by citizens of well-known ability and character. The fact that so many such citizens were willing to accept nomination offers one of the most gratifying features of the situation. Good municipal government remains hopeless so long as the best class of men shirk its burdens, and the burden of unpaid office-holding is no slight one. There are sixty-eight aldermen in our city council, and only half of the body is chosen in any one year. Consequently the recent victory of reform has by no means purged the aldermanic chamber of its corrupt elements. It has, however, reduced the boodlers in all probability to a bare majority, which will make the Mayor's veto effectual. Hitherto the "gang" of dishonest members has been large enough to muster the two-thirds majority needed to override a veto, and the executive has been powerless. If next year we can do again what has been done this year, we may actually hope to secure a council with a majority of honest men. Meanwhile good citizens everywhere are congratulating each other upon what has already been accomplished, and paying deserved tribute to Mr. George E. Cole, the president of the League that has already shown itself such a terror to evil-doers. To Mr. Cole's efforts more than to those of any other man is due this considerable triumph of decency in our municipal affairs.

The dissolution of the firm of Stone & Kimball, and the removal to the East of the publishing business which they have carried on with so much energy during the past two years, is a distinct loss to the bookish interests of Chicago, although the place will be filled, to a certain extent, by the still younger firm of Way & Williams. We do not exactly mourn for the *Chap Book*, for that sprightly publication began as a freak, and never became anything else, and freaks are only interesting so long as they are novel; but we shall miss the enterprise that gave us the first adequate edition of Poe ever published, as well as a number of other books of considerable value. We shall also miss in particular the high standard of taste on the mechanical side of book-making that was set for us by the firm now dissolved, and that had never before been equalled this side of New York. Such dainty effects are both a surprise and a delight to a public that had never learned to expect from home-made books so acceptable a dress. It is announced that Mr. Stone, who remains in Chicago, will undertake the publication of some sort of a magazine. It is to be hoped that the proposed venture will turn out to be something to take seriously rather than a new kind of *Chap Book*. Chicago has never had but one magazine of a dignified sort—*The Lakeside Monthly*—and that belongs to the ancient period of a quarter-century ago.

Chicago has not had a heresy trial of any importance since the famous attempt to expel David Swing from the Presbyterian Church, over twenty years ago. The pending case of the Rev. Frank B. Vrooman is, therefore, almost a novelty to the present generation, and has been followed with a good deal of interest by the public. Mr. Vrooman was a few weeks ago in charge of a Congregational church in the East, and recently accepted a call to the pulpit of a Presbyterian church in this city. But it was one thing to be accepted by the church, and another to receive the sanction of the Presbytery, as the young clergyman learned when he was summoned before that body. "What is the meaning of hell?" is reported to have been the somewhat startling query with which the examination was opened. The defendant was not stumped, however, and got out of the trap very neatly by replying, "Sin is hell, and hell is sin." The long and short of the whole matter is that Mr. Vrooman rejects the cut-and-dried theology of the Westminster divines in its literal form, and claims for himself a certain amount of freedom to interpret that theology in the light of modern scholarship. The claim is surely a reasonable one, and it is curious that any one should be taken to task for making it at the close of the nineteenth century.

W. M. P.

ALBERT BARTHOLOMÉ AND HIS MONUMENT TO THE DEAD.

No one who visited the last Salon of the Champ de Mars can have forgotten Albert Bartholomé's "Monument aux Morts." In the sculpture garden it held the principal place as the greatest work there both in size and in conception. "Never since the Middle Ages," wrote an English critic, "has the death cult been more grandly hymned, never more touchingly." Here was a massive Egyptian tomb, in two stories, so to speak. Within its open door a man and a woman, turning their backs upon the day, advanced slowly into darkness. Without, a sad, reluctant procession moved toward it from either side. They were for the most part kneeling or crouching, yet the rhythm of line flowed irresistibly toward the gate of death. Weeping, looking backward, exchanging the last kiss, these exquisite human forms were going the way of all flesh. Beneath, in an open grave, lay the dead, a man, woman, and dimpled child, in their last sleep. Above these an angel stretched wide arms of hope. On the wall of their prison-house was inscribed, "They that sat in darkness and in the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined."

At the Champ de Mars Salon there are no medals or prizes bestowed upon artists, but all friends of art rejoiced when the government purchased the "Monument aux Morts" for the Cemetery of Père Lachaise. It is to be executed in stone, one-third larger than life, and to stand opposite the entrance, backed by the slope of green turf which rises steeply to the chapel. Two wings will be added, with sculptured doors opening into receiving-vaults.

Whether his noble elegy would ever find a purchaser seems to have troubled M. Bartholomé very little during the eight years he spent giving shape to it. This is quite in character with the artist who erected over his wife's grave another masterpiece of love and sorrow, to be seen of no more appreciative eyes than those of peasants passing the little churchyard at Bouillante.

In his studio one realizes the time and labor expended. Every figure, even those showing only an arm or a profile in low relief against the wall, was modelled in the round. And after studying them from life came the imaginative effort of refining the youthful forms with suffering, making them languid, thin, dolorous, without losing their grace. Changes were many. For example, the first sketch of the open grave showed a man roused from the dead, still clutching the portrait of a woman. Love stronger than death is this preacher's favorite text.

All these spiritual sad imaginings come from a queer little studio, lying so far below the level of an old-fashioned street that only its tiled roof may be seen by passers-by. Entering an arched gateway, crossing a paved court, traversing a dark passage, going down some stone steps, you find yourself in a sunny, overgrown garden, where two ragged little terriers frisk in the ragged grass, and their master makes you welcome. He is a man of middle age and middle height, somewhat stooped under his sculptor's blouse, having a high bald forehead and a kindly gentle face. The two little dogs, his "*tou-tous*," are the lonely man's chief companions. They occupy the best chair, they jump all over him, they remonstrate volubly if he ventures to lock them into his garden-workshop and takes his guests upstairs. There he talks to his visitors, modestly about himself, generously about his brother sculptors, and his old country housekeeper serves a simple French breakfast in a tiny room with waxed floor and heavy old sideboard full of quaint pewter vessels. There are sketches on the wall by Forain and Degas, colored etchings by Raffaëlli, each with a friendly dedication.

The two pretty parlors are hung with more paintings, presented by artist friends. One, of a group of little girls, is signed by the sculptor himself. Once, for a brief time, he drew energetically in the Beaux-Arts; he painted a picture or two for the Salon. Then suddenly he shook the dust of the ateliers from his feet, found in sculpture his true vocation, and pursued it alone and unaided.

As he had no master, so he also has no pupils. "What could I do with them?" he asks, deprecatingly. "I would have to tell them I didn't know anything."

The same invincible modesty breathes in a recent letter. Speaking of putting his monument into stone—and Bartholomé is not one of those artists who are satisfied to leave the task to artisans—he says:

"I am waiting for the ground and the masonry to be prepared for me. In the mean time I am doing the lower group; it can be added independently, but the others must be executed upon the spot. Pretty soon I shall have a studio of wood and glass put up around the construction, and there, when you return to Paris, you will find me at work. I do not expect to get through in less than three years. How I wish it were finished, and I might see whether I have done something!"

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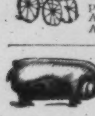

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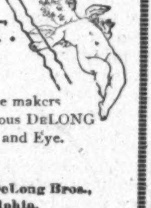

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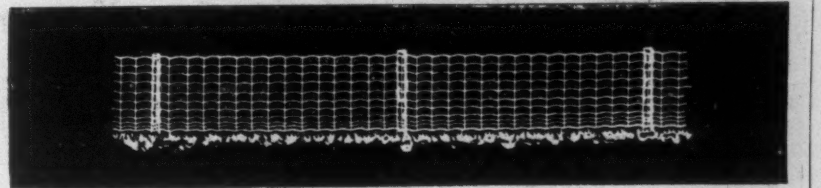

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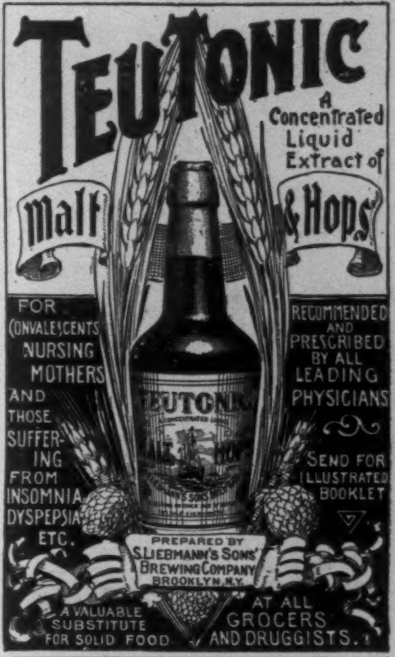

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